

## Icy You

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# Icy You

by [PluiePlume](#)

## Summary

When Taehyung presented to Jungkook a row of four ice cubes neatly placed on a literal silver plate, each one of a different color, Jungkook first assumed their hues were related to their flavor. However, after a both unexpected and interesting conversation, Jungkook realized that he had never been happier to be wrong.

Taehyung, true to his Slytherin self, only smiled after his explanation, the corner of his lips curled up as he said "Pick a color, Love, and let's play."

OR

Four times Jungkook drinks magical ice cubes with special properties to spice up their sexual life, and one time Taehyung does.

## Notes

I would like to formally apologize for what you, dear Reader, may subject yourself to by reading this. I know this story sounds unhinged, horny and stupid, and maybe it is.

Yeah it definitely is. Have fun and may we meet on the other side with a little less brain cells but more entertainment (hopefully). Make sure to read the tags!!

!!SPOILERS!! Each ice cube holds certain elements that I'll sum up down for those who may feel uncomfty reading some parts but still want to go through the rest of it (those who aren't bothered by anything can skip this :D (as I said they're just quick summaries and not details of all that happens for each scene, refer to the tags for more info)):

- 1) Red ice cube = temperature play + multiple orgasms
  - 2) Yellow ice cube = kinda "exhibitionism" + masturbating in "public"  
(aka taekook try to discreetly get frisky)
  - 3) Orange ice cube = roleplay + Koo with a temporary tail/horns + quick sounding / tail used during a short moment while having sex
  - 4) Green ice cube = veeery kinda masturbating in "public"
- +1) Violet ice cube = orgasm control

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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## The Ice Cubes

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Jungkook and Taehyung love experimenting.

Whether it's by wondering how long one can keep the other floating through a Wingardium Leviosa until one of them falls and nearly cracks their head open on Hogwarts' cold stones. Or when they decide to have a match of 'Who Can Fire An Incarcerous The Fastest' where, after an inevitable outcome with the two tied up and unable to move, one of them topples face first and breaks his nose. Not that it happened in the past, the Slytherin devilish couple is smarter than that.

Sometimes.

Either way, Fun is their second name, Insanity their third one.

Jungkook is laid atop the dark green, velvety blanket of their king sized bed when Taehyung's voice erupts on his right, breaking him out of his concentration focused on the magical map of Hogwarts he has been exerting himself to create to, hopefully, ease his and Taehyung's mischievous endeavors.

"Love, I have something to show you."

Jungkook looks up, his round, black glasses further sliding down his nose, his wand in his hand. "What is it?" Taehyung's only response is a tweak of Jungkook's butt cheek who jolts and yelps. "Hey!"

“Sit and I’ll show you,” Taehyung says, settling himself at the end of the bed, crossed legs. He has an ominous smile curling his lips, one that never bodes to anything well, and Jungkook absolutely adores it. “You’ll love it.” The Slytherin’s Head Boy affirms.

“What if I don’t?” Jungkook quirks a brow and hoists himself on his knees to crawl up to his boyfriend.

“Then I’ll make it up to you.” Taehyung’s hands cup Jungkook’s waist to drag him on his lap where Jungkook finds himself a home, wriggling for a moment before pausing once comfortable.

Jungkook encircles Taehyung’s neck, brings their face closer and when he speaks, their lips brush in a feathery kiss. “How?”

“How about I show you what I made before anything else? And then we’ll see,” Taehyung proposes and Jungkook pouts but nods nonetheless. “I’ll explain everything to you, so you know what you’re getting yourself into if you wish to play with me.” Jungkook perks up like a pup at the word ‘play’ and he echoes it. “Yes, play.”

So perhaps Jungkook squeals, and perhaps it is accompanied with a wet, noisy peck on Taehyung’s cheek that has his boyfriend groaning with the pretense of a disgusted moue — as though the two of them never pertained in nastier hobbies in the safety of their bedroom. “I love you.”

“I love you too but stop drooling on my face,” Taehyung grumbles, Jungkook endeared by his boyfriend’s frown that he smooths away with a press of his lips on the wrinkled brows, then a second on the mole at the tip of the nose and a third on the pursed lips.

“Why is a wet kiss a problem when you spit in my mouth last night?” Jungkook mutters and bites on Taehyung’s bottom lip.

“Because I decided so,” Taehyung retorts after pushing Jungkook’s face away then, with his wand, he levitates a silver tray with a cloche upon it to place the whole on the mattress next to them. “And also because I have other plans for us that do not involve saliva in any shape or form.”

“That sounds a little boring,” Jungkook huffs and crosses his arms.

Taehyung, the fiend, winks and says “It’s anything but boring, Love.”

On those words, Taehyung lifts the cloche and Jungkook is... confused. Four ice cubes, each perfectly shaped in sharp angles and straight lines greet him, their colors ranging from those of a rainbow. He emits a noncommittal noise at the back of his throat. “What am I looking at?”

“Ice cubes. *Magical*, ice cubes,” Taehyung precises and there’s a flicker in his eyes, of giddiness and excitement that has Jungkook smiling.

“Magical ice cubes,” Jungkook parrots and moves off Taehyung’s lap to face the tray. He pokes at the one on the far left, intrigued by its deep red hues. “What does this one do?” He asks, curious and the wolfish smile Taehyung sends his way has a shiver crawl up his spine. “You’re scary...”

“You haven’t seen half of it,” Taehyung says before launching himself at Jungkook and pinning him down on the bed, Jungkook’s wrists held in a tight vice above his head. “We can’t play with the ice cubes today, we have a busy week ahead of us. However Saturday night we will, and then you will know what the red cube does. It’s the first one on the list.”

“Sounds great,” Jungkook rasps, trying to ignore the squeeze in his belly that always occurs whenever Taehyung displays the slightest bit of strength. “Although we could have some more fun in the meantime, right?”

“I do have to repay you for that kiss on my cheek,” Taehyung ponders and innocently holds onto Jungkook’s chin, a dichotomy to what they both know is about to happen. “Open your mouth, Love.”

When Jungkook does, that film of fuzziness wraps around him, all thoughts of ice cubes gone from his mind.

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## The Red Ice Cube

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*“This one is quite simple,” Taehyung had said. “Remember that day where I used my wand to Legilimens you right when you were about to orgasm? Well... I may have came up with a spell to, hmm... Implement, said orgasm somewhere else.”*

When Jungkook had heard that, he had not expected how literal everything would be.

Now, however, laid in their disheveled bed sheets, panting as Taehyung glides a cold, carmine ice cube down Jungkook’s glistening chest, he is not so sure anymore. “Taehyung, come on.” Jungkook grunts when Taehyung squeezes the base of his seeping cock, the man having edged Jungkook once while he was fingering him open, just enough to keep him wounded tight and eager. *‘Perfect for tonight’s game’*, as his boyfriend had said.

“Remember the colors?” Taehyung inquires and Jungkook shakily answers, lists the ‘red’ for stop, ‘yellow’ to slow down and ‘green’ to continue. “Good boy,” he praises and Jungkook preens, his back curving to feel more of the ice cube leaving goosebumps in its wake. The couple messed with temperature play before, however never in this way and not this intensely, where the ice complements the heat building up in Jungkook. “I’ll melt the first one on your nipple, then play with it a little, so you have a feel of how it’ll be, yes?” Taehyung questions and it sounds more like a statement but Jungkook bobs his head anyway. “Remember that you *can* come, for now,” Taehyung sing-songs, “however keep in mind that it won’t stop me from continuing unless you safe word, understood?”

“U—Understood.”



“Good.” Taehyung’s voice is saccharine, a contradiction to the dark glint in his eyes that is anything but kind. “Now, let’s see how many orgasms I can draw out of you tonight.”

Frankly, Jungkook did not really believe Taehyung when the latter had explained to him the properties of the red cube. He was dubious and assumed that there must have been some sort of underlying secret beneath the overly simple description.

Amidst his realization of *how wrong* he had been, Jungkook watches the way Taehyung slides the red ice cube up to his nipple; gasps at the coldness hardening his bud when his boyfriend rolls the cube in circle motions.

“*Incendio.*”

Jungkook’s immediate reaction at the word is to blurt out an offended ‘What the fuck?’ because why would his decade long boyfriend try to set him on fire? His second one, however, is to throw his head back on the pillow, lips parted around a silent scream, eyes widening when the sudden, foreign sensation of an orgasm that is his own but also *not* slams the air out of his chest. His teeth clack together and he wants to moan and yell but his vocal chords are too tight, body shuddering at the waves of pleasure flowing through him, his cock throbbing but not spilling.

“Not only will you feel as though you orgasmed when I melt the ice cube,” Taehyung murmurs and he bends forward, his mouth an inch away from Jungkook’s nipple where a reddish patch is tinting the skin. Taehyung’s tongue peeks out then, flickers at the rosy knob and Jungkook chokes around a groan. “The skin where the ice cube melted will also become incredibly sensitive, similar to here,” he continues and skids his index on the head of Jungkook’s cock, “but more. *Better.*”

“Taehyung this is, ah... Ah, fuck.” Jungkook’s hands fly to Taehyung’s head, scrape across the scalp to knit themselves around the strands of hair. His hips buck up when his boyfriend licks at his nipple again and it feels so strange. *So good.* “C—Can you... Can you suck on it?” Jungkook says and Taehyung complies to the request, his lips closing around the nipple and starting a hard suction. Jungkook keens, presses Taehyung’s mouth further

on his chest. “Feels like, hah, feels better than my dick,” Jungkook strains to say and he shouts when Taehyung bites, hot lightning firing to his cock. “Taehyung, feels so good, why does it feel — *fuck* — so good.”

“I told you.” And Taehyung has but Jungkook’s brain is a pile of mushed goo, similar to his body growing heavier at each second that passes, at each lap on his nipple increasing the heat pooling in his groin. “I have three more of those ice cubes. One for your tongue,” Taehyung begins and moves up Jungkook’s neck with a trail of open mouth kisses. “One for your cock,” he continues as his stomach brushes on Jungkook’s length. “And the last one...”

Taehyung grins in the middle of their kiss and Jungkook sighs when the man circles his rim with the pulp of a finger. His exhales veers into a whine when chillness manifests itself anew, however on the hollowness of his collarbones this time and the hair at base of his neck raise up, the contrast of the searing heat in his body and the coldness of the ice cube having his cock twitch, spurting a drop of precum. “M’gonna die,” Jungkook confesses, convinced that he might tonight.

“We’ll see about that,” Taehyung teases. “Tongue out.” Jungkook’s tongue lolls out of his mouth, panting like a dog and a streak of saliva dribbles down his cheek. Taehyung is silent when he rests a red cube in Jungkook’s mouth, rubbing it back and forth, the ice melting and trickling down his parched throat. “You seem a little thirsty,” Taehyung croons, features furrowed in feign concern. “Do you want to drink, Love?”

Taehyung is a looming form hovering above, settled between Jungkook’s legs and trapping him, eyes narrowed in rapt focus. Something fierce unfurls within Jungkook, his senses of fight or flight going haywire at the idea of being consumed by Taehyung’s will and desires, to this game he knows he won’t come out of victorious even if he wanted to. So, wishing to keep the beast tamed, denying his usual craving to taunt it, Jungkook nods, unable to speak with the ice cube numbing his tongue.

Taehyung leans to brace himself on an arm, his blonde locks brushing on Jungkook’s forehead wet with sweat. “Incendio.”

The word is uttered like a command Jungkook can solely obey.

The cube glides down his throat like molten lava and he faintly realizes the lingering taste of strawberry with it. Jungkook's hands fist into the sheets and his trembling legs spread when the bubble of arousal contained in the melting ice explodes inside him. This time his cock juts in white streak shooting between their chest and when a drop falls onto the same nipple Taehyung liquefied an ice cube on, Jungkook whines, his orgasm a precipice he doesn't think he can come out of.

He shakes, moans, quivers in the sheet as he comes untouched, tears tracing down his temples to disappear in the pillow. "Tae—*Aah*." Even something as simple as curling his tongue around a syllable, when it collides against the roof of his mouth, propels a gush of heat in his guts.

Jungkook rides the remnants of his pleasure with high-pitched sobs, hopeless rocks of his hips, his mind and being as a whole entering that ecstatic zone of overstimulation as Taehyung, with his index and thumb, plays the sensitive red bud, drawing more cum out of Jungkook when his cock valiantly jerks with another dribble. "Hah, f—anh, can't stop—" His spine curls inward at the stroke of his tongue against his teeth and it feels as though each and every nerves of his are linked to where the ice cubes were melted, the areas more sensitive than his cock.

"How pretty," Taehyung purrs and kisses the corner of Jungkook's parted mouth. "Is it too much?"

"Yess," Jungkook says then hisses even more at the air rushing across his tongue. "I'm, ah, hah, Tae, think I'm... m'slipping."

"Yeah?"

"Mhm, is it okay?"

"Always, Love. I'll catch you, hm?"

Taehyung nibbles a bruise on Jungkook's jaw before prying his mouth open, letting his tongue invade Jungkook's mouth whom can only moan at

the throbs of bliss traveling down to his dripping cock, mind too fuzzy to do anything but lay there, at Taehyung's mercy, at the laps and flicks of his tongue. "Color." Jungkook manages to formulate a 'green' at Taehyung's question. "Of course it's green," Taehyung laughs and it's *callous*, an echo of the painful, relentless twist of his fingers on Jungkook's nipple. "You say it's too much but you're craving for more, aren't you?"

And Jungkook is. Arches his body in a silent plea, widens the space between his legs to try and rut on Taehyung's belly. "Please," Jungkook somehow articulates. Everything around him disappears, his focus narrowed down to Taehyung: his velvety voice, his soft touches broken by a harsh tug on Jungkook's hair when the latter does not stop himself from moving at Taehyung's demand.

"Desperation looks so beautiful on you," Taehyung says and the praise wash over Jungkook in hot flames, the latter immobilized by the grip yanking at his scalp and sending delicious prickles of pain to tingle on his tongue, nipple and cock. "Always so breathtaking when you cry for me," he continues and reverently wipes at the wetness on one of Jungkook's bottom eyelid.

Another cube materializes between Taehyung's fore and middle fingers. Taehyung kisses Jungkook, allows his tongue to slide across the other in a sinful caress that further numbs Jungkook's brain at the constant pressure of heat boiling in his chest, the only sensation registered are those of pleasure and Taehyung and that need for more and *Taehyung Taehyung Taehyung*.

The ice cube is a tendril of ice that paths between the dip of Jungkook's pectorals, teasingly passing above the red nipple. "Hah, ha, *aah*, feels s'good... *God*, just, f—fuck," Jungkook slurs and; in a feat driven by his own helplessness in the slow pace Taehyung adopted for the past ten, twenty minutes, maybe more, Jungkook is unsure; he bites on his own tongue and grazes his teeth on the taste buds. It doesn't last for long, the pleasure the action induces too intense for him to refrain his noisy, obscene moan, but it is sufficient to engorge his shaft anew where it is linked to his stomach with a slimy band of his cum.

“I changed my mind,” Taehyung says and releases his hold on Jungkook’s hair to instead place it at the base of the latter’s cock. “I don’t want you to come anymore. Not unless you ask. *Nicely*,” he adds, “and if I deem you worth of it or not. I also want you to tell me whenever you’re close. Color?”

“Green, Taehyung *please*.” Jungkook can be above begging sometimes, refusing to cave in until his boyfriend fucks him, edges him and so many more other luxuries; until he reaches a point where he has no other choice but to let himself fall apart within Taehyung’s arms. However tonight, Jungkook wants to please, indulge in Taehyung’s every wish while basking in the latter’s attention and care, even if it’s mean and bordering on cruel in the sharp angles. They’re not there yet, and Jungkook does not think it will tonight even though he wants it to, but they are teetering on this edge of sadism, the same one they both leap into more often than not.

“I wonder,” Taehyung hums, the ice cube peppering goosebumps between the ridges of Jungkook’s abs. It draws haphazard patterns, spreading the cum on the skin in a lewd massage, the dichotomy of hot and cold dizzying Jungkook. “How it will feel for you when I melt it on the head of your cock when it’s already so sensitive, leaking so much despite having come once already,” Taehyung carries on and so does his movement as he slips the ice cube close to Jungkook’s length, not touching yet but the chilliness of its proximity is enough for Jungkook to jolt. “You’re still so hard, always insatiable.”

Ice cube hand jobs were never on Jungkook’s bullet notes of kinks him and Taehyung wanted to check off, so when his boyfriend grasps onto Jungkook’s cock, the ice cube, held in Taehyung’s palm, pressed flushed against the underside of his shaft, he questions why they haven’t done that before.

“Oh, fu—hah, mmh.” Jungkook’s lids flutter and he eventually gives up the fruitless fight, lets himself sink into that special subspace where nothing but Tae—*His Master* matters. His Master always knows best, always takes care of him *so well*, even — *especially* — when mean and cruel. Jungkook never feels any safer and more loved than in-between his Master’s merciless claws.

“Ma—aah, anh.”

“My?” Taehyung teases with a flick of his cold hand, perfectly aware of what Jungkook is exerting himself to say. “Say my name, Love. You know it.”

“*Master.*”

“*Good boy,*” Taehyung praises and lays a kiss atop Jungkook’s bent knee.

“Master please, more... Can, can have more? Promise I won’t come, m’good,” Jungkook talks, a little delirious and desperate and the more he does, the more he shapes a new vowel and consonant, the more precum oozes out of his cock at each drifts of his tongue seemingly wired to that cluster of blistering pins and needles. This is the most he has spoken at once with his oversensitive tongue and he keeps his mouth open for a moment, needing a temporary lull in this onslaught of bliss.

Taehyung tightens his grip and starts a slow rhythm as he drags his hand along the length of Jungkook’s cock, the ice cube an addition Jungkook never imagined himself to love. Yet, he rolls his hips, attempts to fuck his Master’s fist but the latter pins him to the bed with fingers digging into the flesh of Jungkook’s waist. “You don’t get to receive more than what I am willing to give you, is that clear?”

There’s a veil in Taehyung’s eyes, of arousal but also authority as he sits up to stare down at Jungkook. When the blunt edges of Taehyung’s nails bore moon crescents where they’re buried, Jungkook bobs his head in affirmative, and his Master resumes the measured up and down motion of his hand.

Taehyung’s digits disappear from Jungkook’s cock before a dull angle of the cube plants itself at the base of the length to trace a path across a vein pulsating in the throbbing cock. It halts at a point beneath the head, kneads on the frenulum where precum glistens the skin and Jungkook thinks that this is it. This is when his Master will say the word, however the latter is quiet, smiling at the way Jungkook’s body seizes up in anticipation before it falls back on the mattress as the cube is shuffled down to his balls.

It goes on like this for what feels like a century. Taehyung pumping Jungkook's cock with the ice cube, taunting him whenever it attains the head where it stays for a moment, ghosting the ice in frozen swirls over the glans. Or Master playing with Jungkook's hardened nipples, tugging on the red one, twisting it, accompanying it with his teeth here and there or a dart of his tongue leaving bruises behind.

"M'gonna, I'm close, clos—hah, aah... M'ster please I need—" Jungkook sobs when, similar to the few times it already happened, Taehyung ceases his movements and squeezes the base of Jungkook's cock. "It hurts, need... Come, l—let me come, please, I'm good, hah, feels good Ma—*ah*." He snuffles, his arms laying limply next to his head as he peers up at his Master whose sadistic tendencies during sex unfold more and more tonight, unlike what Jungkook expected, and *exactly* how he wanted.

Taehyung only chuckles, clearly amused at Jungkook's predicament. "Does it now... Where? Here?" He says and scrapes his nails over the place he melted an ice cube on Jungkook's chest down to the belly, pink scratches blossoming in their wake. Jungkook hums in contentment, elation high within him at the mark he'll still bear on himself tomorrow. "Or perhaps here," Taehyung inquires as he presses two of his fingers atop Jungkook's mouth that parts open, the digit promptly skimming on the tongue.

Jungkook swallows around the long fingers and he coughs when they hit the back of throat, pleasure bubbling when, and despite knowing he won't be able to come just yet, he laves at the fingers, moaning around them when they fondle his overly delicate tongue. There's a pinch on it, rough and painful as the nail scrapes it as though it was done on the head of his cock and Jungkook startles, gargling around the other fingers filling his mouth.

"Sound so pretty... Does it feel good?" Taehyung questions but Jungkook can barely breathe, let alone strong an intelligible sentence. "What, Love? Is it hard to talk?" As he says this, Taehyung relents his hold of Jungkook's tongue, a momentary respite that he uses to thrust his fingers in and out of Jungkook's mouth, the act deliberately slow yet rough, the underside of his digits rubbing across the acutely pleasing cushion of Jungkook's tongue. "Makes me want to fuck your mouth, so you would have an appropriate

reason to not reply to your Master then,” Taehyung snips, the threat brewing over Jungkook.

The ice cube is on Jungkook’s cock again and he shivers with a whine, gasping around the fingers now immobile, pushed down his throat. The cube digs an edge on the tip of his length. It sinks, harder and harder on the small hole, the pain firing in Jungkook’s belly and it feels so goddamn good. However, it is not alone. It’s accompanied by a second cube that Master brought upon after withdrawing his fingers from Jungkook’s mouth. It slithers down Jungkook’s inner thigh at the same time Taehyung’s head does, growing bolder the lower it gets until it pauses at his rim.

One of the cube is held between his Master’s mouth, his eyes riveted on Jungkook’s. He deposits the cube on Jungkook’s pelvis, drags it to the navel with his tongue licking a frozen stripe on the belly. Taehyung forsakes the cube then, instead collects some of the cum and precum that he swallows with a pleased hum, a smile showing his teeth that bite a pink, tingling mark on Jungkook’s skin.

Taehyung resumes his initial quest then, takes a hold of the ice cube between his teeth. He slides down to Jungkook’s cock, stopping at the base before crawling a cold, opened mouth kiss with the cube up to the tip of the length. All at once, Taehyung wraps his lips around the glans, the ice pressed flushed against it. Jungkook whimpers at the conflicting signals sent in his mind; of cold where the cube rests atop his cock and warm where Taehyung’s mouth engulfs the head; hard when Jungkook’s Master nibbles at the tip of the cock and cracking ice, contrasted by a softness when Taehyung’s tongue flattens on the underside.

Jungkook gasps when the second ice cube breaks pass the barrier of his rim, the cold sensation on his hole strange in a pleasant way. But it’s not enough. Not tight enough, not rough enough, not painful or cold enough and Taehyung seems to hear Jungkook’s mental call. Taehyung pulls off Jungkook’s length that he grabs onto, his thumb keeping the ice cube on the glans while with his other he pushes half of the other ice further in, and with a hoarse, gravelly voice he says “Incendio.”



The fire in Jungkook's crotch blazes and blights through his consciousness when *both* ice cubes melt, the two orgasms crashing down on him. His eyes roll at the back of his head, his toes and fingers curl, the muscles in his neck strain on a yell that ends as a wail and this time he positively sobs, endless spasms coursing through each of his limbs. "Haa, aah, s'not stop, God, s'too m— Can't, Master I'm... Aha, ah, stop... Can't stop coming, can't stop." Jungkook keens as he continues to come for the second time, the convulsions of unadulterated pleasure ruthless, his body where perspiration beads writhes on the mattress to get away from this maddening ecstasy.

Taehyung laughs and, in lieu of waiting for Jungkook to come down from his high, he presses the tip of his hard cock against Jungkook's already prepared hole. Without any preamble he snaps his hips forward, fully sheathes himself inside Jungkook.

Jungkook yells then cries; thinks he may have even blacked out for a moment when the girth of Taehyung's length rubs on his fluttering walls, stroke at the rim of his hole as sensitive at the prostate his Master immediately rams. Jungkook can only let the downright screams, loud moans tumble out of his mouth one after another and his cock twitches from where it stands, kept hard and flushed by the ever growing, suffocating waves of arousal submerging his body and mind.

Everything hurts so much. His prostate that Taehyung mercilessly crushes. His entrance, raw with that sensation of overstimulation where the cube melted. The head of his cock, purple and redder than usual that Taehyung circles with the palm of his hand or the tight ring his thumb and index make. *And it feels so good.* His mind hushes down to simple words of 'faster', 'harder', 'Master', unable to conjure anything else.

Taehyung, pounding inside Jungkook, suddenly halts the motion of his hips. The devilish curl of his lips deepens when he lets go of Jungkook's cock to wrench the underside of his thighs and pull them on his shoulders, folding Jungkook in half, trapping him in the bed sheets. "I'm surprised," Jungkook's Master pants and plants his fists beside Jungkook's head, bracing himself on them before resuming a fast, frantic pace, the slap of his pelvis and balls on Jungkook's ass punctuating his words. "Didn't think you'd be able to handle it. I wanted, ah fuck you're... So tight around me,

so good for Master.” Taehyung tilts his head back with a groan, displaying the expense of his wide neck. “Wanted to stop at the tongue ice cube but you held on, came so beautifully. And you begged for more because it’s never enough for the needy little thing that you are. So greedy...”

The words barely register in Jungkook’s brain who’s reduced to an incoherent mess of sobs, staccato of moans and wails, slobbering over himself, jaw slacked akin to the rest of his body as he blearily stares at his Master. His vision is blurry with tears and that cloud dulling his thoughts to nothingness, all made worse when Taehyung grunts then shifts to raise on his knees and bend Jungkook further, his cock nestled so deep inside Jungkook, carving itself a home there.

A silver lining in this is that the stimulation of his tongue, nipple and glans are momentarily gone, untouched, everything dialed down to the cock drilling him, hammering his prostate as it pulls and pushes, its back and forth grazing on his rim rendered oversensitive by the aftermath of the melted ice cube.

“God you, *ah*, you feel so good Love,” Taehyung blabbers with veneration, brushing away the sweat dripping down on Jungkook. “So ravenous, you keep sucking me back in when I pull out. Always loved my cock, right? Whether it’s when I fuck you so nice and deep you feel it for days after, or when you sit on it, warming me up like my own little plaything.”

“Ah, aah, Ma, Mah— M’gonna, *Mast*—” Jungkook exclaims when Taehyung jerks him off, avoiding the red head where most of the ice cube melted yet an orgasm rips through Jungkook within seconds anyway, prompted by the searing cold trails the cube slathered down his cock when it dissolved and Jungkook cries, snivels, aborted sobs tearing through his throat, his temples and pillow drenched in his tears and sweat.

“Color,” Taehyung orders amidst two brutal rolls of his hips and Jungkook wants to reply, he does, but his mind feels on the edge of shattering, drool drizzling at the corner of his mouth when his head lolls from side to side at the harsh rhythm Taehyung set. So, Jungkook resorts on using his last thread of consciousness to tap twice on his Master’s arm with his index and middle finger, the equivalent of a ‘green’, a solution they came up with for

moments like those. “Green?” Taehyung says and Jungkook manages to nod amidst a choked moan and a shudder rattling his body.

Taehyung smiles, eyes lidded with a satisfaction that scratches at Jungkook’s core because his Master is content. Jungkook’s Master is pleased with him and another kind of warmth spreads in his chest, this time affectionate and loving. Taehyung seems to feel it somehow because he slows down his movements to languidly drag his shaft in and out of Jungkook’s hole, tremors erupting goosebumps on Jungkook’s spine whenever the girth of Taehyung’s fat cock stretches his walls where the ice cube melted and every time it does, Jungkook tips closer and closer to a void.

Taehyung leans forward, rests a tender kiss on Jungkook’s lips, a dichotomy to the sentence that follows next, uttered with a fond timber coated with salacious mirth. “You look so broken and pretty... Like a doll, isn’t that right, Doll?” Taehyung susurrates, leaves open mouth kisses along the line of Jungkook’s throat where he sucks bruises.

Jungkook feels amazing. *High*, on the rapture rendering him breathless, thoughtless; filled to the brim by Taehyung and he wants his Master to use him as he wishes, take all he desires because Jungkook is *good*. Wants to be good for his Master; tries to listen and comply, even if it hurts so good, even if he craves for so much. Jungkook can take everything his Master gives him and more.

Taehyung grips Jungkook’s jaw, the latter instantly going lax with a mewl at the slow roll of his Master's hips, the hard cock splitting him open applying a constant pressure on his prostate. “Show me your red little tongue, Doll.”

It takes a minute, or maybe more Jungkook cannot be certain, his sense of time and space eluding him, but he ultimately does as asked, tongue trembling as it lays upon his wet bottom lip. Taehyung’s fingers pry Jungkook’s mouth wider, his own shifting for a moment before it parts and Jungkook sharply inhales, a high keen resonating at the back of his throat when he belatedly understands his Master’s intention.

Taehyung's lips purse the slightest bit, just enough to let a dribble of saliva slowly fall down on Jungkook's tongue, a string of their filth linking both of their mouth before it breaks and it's so *nasty*, so hot that Jungkook's cock spurts a feeble drip of cum. The drop of Taehyung's drool is small enough to not send Jungkook in another frenzied orgasm when it touches Jungkook's sensitive tongue, however its weight still sends sharp pang to his cock that throb, aching between their chests. Jungkook wantonly moans at the feeling of *his Master's saliva* sliding down his receptive taste buds before disappearing down his throat, mingling with his own drool, the sensation better than if Taehyung had spat on his cock.

Taehyung hums, admiring Jungkook with a palpable adoration that even Jungkook's figment of clarity can perceive. "Look at you... So filthy and pretty, all mine to break and mend." Taehyung tests Jungkook's flexibility, pushes on the back of Jungkook's knees even more and he slowly draws his shaft back, the veins, ridges of his glans being all Jungkook can sense. Taehyung then jerks forward, the head of his cock aimed straight at the prostate and he continues this pace of lazy pull and hard plunge.

Jungkook's whole being is sluggish and weak, cock swollen with an unbridled lust pleading to be released. The faster Taehyung fucks Jungkook, his cadence accelerating, soon veering to jackhammers of his hips, the obscene sounds of skin on skin distant, muffling to Jungkook's ears, the number he grows.

Jungkook's mind seems afloat in those clouds of boundless heaven, increasingly detaching itself from the physical reality of his own body or Taehyung's. Jungkook loves his Master, even more when, after uttering something Jungkook does not comprehend, Taehyung collects some more of his saliva to spit it on Jungkook's tongue obediently waiting for more. Jungkook's Master is always so kind and understanding so he spits a second time in Jungkook's eager mouth, staking a lewd claim over him, making Jungkook his more he already was.

Any semblance of thoughts evades Jungkook's brain, too entranced in renewing those fiery spikes, heightening the prickles of pain quivering on his skin as Taehyung bounces him on his cock. His Master fucks him so well Jungkook's hole keeps clenching and unclenching, a vice taunt sucking

the thick cock deeper inside him to try and keep it there. Jungkook cannot even spell his name at that moment, or his Master's, hardly capable of remembering who is, where he's laid.

All that matters is that Jungkook's Master is with him, around him, inside him, ruining and loving Jungkook in a way he has not before.

When, all at once, Jungkook is assaulted by Taehyung's cock grinding fast and viciously on Jungkook's abuse prostate and rim; by Taehyung's hand twisting and pinching at his red nipple, Taehyung's other hand pumping at the head of Jungkook's length; all the while sucking at Jungkook's tongue; Jungkook's guts contort into a tight ball. His muscles tense, his back arches and his eyes disappearing under his lids. The orgasm zips through Jungkook as he comes for the third time tonight, an electric surge that ignites every single one of his cells sears at his last sliver of awareness, and he collapses into an euphoric, indescribable oblivion of blissful nothingness.

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## The Yellow Ice Cube

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"I almost fucking died!" Jungkook yells and slams his fist on the wood, metallic and glasses instruments clanking in the vicinity.

"No, you did not, don't be dramatic," Taehyung says, sat on the bench behind Jungkook's and the Head Boy *dares* rolling his eyes with disdain. "Plus I took care of you after it, as I always do."

“As you *should*,” Jungkook scoffs and angrily skim through his Potion book to glower at the list of ingredients needed for today’s lesson. “Doesn’t take away from the fact that I met Salazar himself when I passed out because of your insane idea.”

“What happened to you?” Hoseok, Jungkook’s partner and oblivious fool for this afternoon, worries, and Jungkook mutters under his breath about sadistic, unhinged Slytherins.

“Nothing out of the ordinary.” Taehyung says and Jungkook can hear the obnoxious smile in the voice.

“Is this about one of your... Games, again?” Jimin interjects with a dismissive hand when Jungkook peers behind, the elder familiar with Hogwarts’ sweetheart and devilish couple of mischief.

“My own boyfriend *broke me* last weekend,” Jungkook hisses while glaring at said boyfriend whose lips curl around a prideful smile.

“This isn’t what you called me Saturday night,” Taehyung quips with a quirk of his brow.

“I will not hesitate to Furnunculus you, *Master*,” Jungkook emphasizes, not without scorn and with a Wingardium Leviosa, he throws a smudge of sage at Taehyung whom, to Jungkook’s delight, does not have the time to avoid its trajectory as it smacks on his forehead. The wince his boyfriend makes punctuated by a glare is enough to alleviate some of Jungkook’s irritation as he emits a vindictive, satisfied sigh.

“Salazar you two, keep it for the bedroom,” Hoseok groans then proceeds to stuff his mouth like starved man with the pastries he smuggled in, the man nursing an unhealthy love for those.

Jungkook grimaces in disgust then continues on his tangent as he distractedly reads the instructions. “I blacked out for an hour. *An hour!* Do you have any idea of how long that is?” Jungkook ignores Taehyung’s smartass ‘Yes, an hour’ then says “And then, because I was feeling O so deprived and needy of Taehyung I had to sit for hours end on on his coc—”

“Jungkook,” Hoseok hushes him with an elbow in his ribs when the professor passes by their desk. “Focus on the potion.”

“I will if you give me a doughnut,” Jungkook utters through pursed lips and he smiles when his friend hands him one of his snack. “Thanks.”

Jungkook discreetly munches on the pastry, concentrating back on the bubbling liquid brewing in the cauldron. Minutes elapse until something hits the back of his neck to tumble down on his desk. It’s a piece of neatly folded paper and when he twists around to find out its provenance, he watches with wary eyes the way Taehyung, chin propped on the palm of his hand, smiles, impish and playful.

Giddiness unfurls in Jungkook as he unfolds the paper after verifying if anyone is looking in his direction. On top of writings, the paper is marked with a caricature of Hoseok riding what seems to be a giant horse made out of doughnuts.

“What’s so funny?” Hoseok says, cutting off Jungkook’s chuckle as he spills the content of a vial in the cauldron.

Jungkook clears his throat and deftly hides the paper from his friend’s view. “Nothing.” He pretends to work for a dozen seconds before shifting his attention back on Taehyung’s note.

*‘Want to play?’*

Jungkook, feeling revengeful and petty, writes *‘No. You’re mean.’* He even draws an angry face on it for good measure — and also adds a doughnut weapon in the shape of a penis to Hoseok’s arsenal, giggling like a twelve years old at his own childishness. He levitates the paper back to Taehyung, the latter puffing out a small laugh. The paper comes back again, Jungkook immediately reading it.

*‘You loved it though. You’re the one who kept asking and begging for more, I simply obliged because I’m an incredibly selfless, giving, nice man.’*

Jungkook does his best to shove down the hint of arousal at the remembrance of this forsaken night. Before he can write a reply, however, another paper lands on his desk.

*‘You did like it though, right? I know you said you did, and I know you usually would tell me right away if you don’t like something we do, but all jokes aside, I did push you a lot that night, and I was a little mean. Always remember you can tell me anything Love, especially in circumstances like those where you entrust me with your well-being. Keep in mind that in scenes like these and in the dynamic we have, you’re the one in charge. Always. Never me. Alright?’*

The dot of the question mark is in the form of a heart and Jungkook bites on his bottom lip, a surge of love for his idiot, caring boyfriend imploding in his chest. He writes his response, making sure to add hearts of his own all across the note, with one bearing in its center a ‘T+J’ because he’s mushy and soft and in love like that.

*‘I was just being a brat and vented about it because I can’t stop think of how much I loved everything we did that night. I really, really, REALLY loved it Taehyung and I don’t remember if I told you, but I’d happily do it again if you have more of those red ice cubes.’*

Jungkook, truly at the epitome of his humor on this fine day, circles the syllable ‘cum’ in the word ‘circumstances’, scribbles an arrow that points at it — just in case Taehyung misses it — with an added sentence underneath of *‘lmao, that’s what I produced a gallon of saturday night when you fucked me stupid.’*

Perhaps Jungkook believes he is more hilarious than he truly is when his body shakes with repressed laughter, nonetheless, he folds the paper and flies it to Taehyung one more time. There’s a noisy, ugly snort that erupts behind him and he thanks Salazar for having bestowed upon his path a boyfriend whose sense of comedy is just as damaged as his own.

Jungkook tears a piece of his Potion book to write another quick note that he sends to Taehyung.



*‘PS: to answer you, I do want to play. Have anything in mind?’*

The answer hastily flutters back to Jungkook.

*‘How about the second ice cube? This is the perfect moment to try it.’*

*‘Is it...? We’re in the middle of a potion class and there’s a bunch of students around us.’*

*‘Exactly. Yes or No?’*

Jungkook circles the ‘Yes.’ *‘What is the ice cube about?’*

When another piece of parchment floats toward Jungkook, this time it is strangely wet on the edges and when he opens it, a yellow ice cube greets him. When he complies to the ‘Eat it’ smudge on the paper, he slips the cube in his mouth, a banana flavor invading his taste buds as he suckles on the treat and reads the rest of the Taehyung’s explanation.

*‘The yellow ice cube is quite special. Every time I’ll snap my fingers, something will happen. Sexual, of course, and to you only, obviously. It has six stages of ‘intensity’, so to say. Do you still want to play? Remember where we are, you’ll have to remain quiet. Think you can achieve that?’*

The ice cubes cracks under the pressure of Jungkook’s teeth fiercely munching on it.

Jungkook is perfectly aware of what Taehyung is doing with those last two, goading sentences, and, the stubborn brat that he is, evidently takes the blatant challenge head-on.

*‘Of fucking course I can who do you take me for?!?!? Let’s play. But I want to make it more interesting so: if I succeed to not make a sound the whole time (quiet whine/whimper/breathing excluded >:( (+ safeword)) and to not get caught I get a reward in return. If I lose (won’t happen by the way <3) you get to punish me however you want because I didn’t follow your request. Yes or No?’*

The reply is a simple ‘Yes’ yet holding so much tension Jungkook’s fingers trembles when he crumples the paper and tucks it in his robe’s inside pocket.

Having forgotten of Hoseok, he tries to focus back on his task at hand, helping his partner make a Veritaserum. The first ten minutes are spent with Jungkook darting his head left and right at every noise he hears sounding remotely close to the snap of a finger, Taehyung struggling to contain his hilarity on his seat. He eventually manages to relax when nothing occurs after half an hour, mind enraptured in the slow making of the potion.

Then, it happens.

A clack, of an index and middle finger erupts in the classroom, muffled by the faint discussions yet reverberating in-between Jungkook’s eardrums.

Something shifts.

*In Jungkook’s ass.*

A slight, almost ghost like pressure pushes against his walls, its size and girth of maybe two fingers. It’s hard, smooth yet cold like— *Like a goddamn glass dildo put in the fridge*, an occurrence Jungkook has been acquainted to in the past.

Say that he is incredulous at the predicament he finds himself in would be an understatement rivaling with the pure amazement he experiences for his insanely skilled and talented boyfriend. How Taehyung attained such level of creativity and magical ability to spice up their sexual endeavors goes beyond Jungkook, and he will have no qualms praising the Head Boy once they’re out of their lesson.

Jungkook shifts on his seat, the hard wood of the bench not very comfortable, even less when there’s a phantom dildo up his ass. He maintains his somewhat impassible expression though, not really bothered by the insignificant size of the sex toy which is nothing compared to his boyfriend’s dick.

He makes a move to turn around and throw a wicked grin at Taehyung however the latter is faster when he taps on Jungkook's shoulder. Jungkook twists his torso enough to meet Taehyung's calculating eyes. Not a word is exchanged between the two when Taehyung leans forward, snaps his fingers once to point at something on Jungkook's desk.

The dildo then, to Jungkook's astonishment, *inflates*, its size growing to those of three fingers. He emits a silent gasp, of surprise and arousal, his cock hardening in his pants when the toy gains in length too, not long enough to reach his prostate just yet however. Jungkook lightly rolls his hips, a desperate motion to slide the dildo further inside him but it's fruitless.

He seems to have been a tad too slow to answer Taehyung's non vocal demand because the Head Boy snaps his fingers again while pointing and this time... *This time*, the toy engorges itself enough to rival with the size of Taehyung's cock Jungkook is used, the tip of it finally pressed against the prostate.

Jungkook turns to face away from his boyfriend, head hung low as exhales a shaky breath and he spreads his thighs, rocks on his seat while biting on his bottom lip to refrain a moan from spilling out of his mouth always so eager to make its pleasure known to Taehyung. The dildo is still cold, thick as it slightly rubs against Jungkook's walls. His fingers curl into fists at the incessant pressure on his sensitive bundle of nerves. His cock is fully hard now, already leaking precum at how filthy everything is, at the presence of so many other students around them and the knowledge that one of them could notice his predicament at any moment.

"Jungkook? Can you pass me three Jobberknoll feathers?" Taehyung asks. Jungkook nods and haphazardly searches for them, his mind too preoccupied with the girth inside him he tries to drive harder on his sweet spot to focus on his task. "Thank you," Taehyung says after Jungkook ultimately managed to pluck a handful of feathers and blindly thrust them behind him. "You gave me more than three."

"In prevention for when you inevitably fuck up the potion," Jungkook strains to quip, because even — *especially* — if he has a phantom dildo

masturbating him, that won't stop him from being a brat to the man subjecting him to his most ravaged fantasies and games.

"I do tend to fuck things up, that's true," Taehyung says, full of malice and latent innuendo.

Jungkook glares at his desk and swivels around to send Taehyung a warranted expletive but when he does, the dildo shifts inside him, bores on his prostate and his eyes glass over for a second, mouth parting around a — thankfully — silent moan. He glances at Jimin, sees that the man is focused on reading his potion book so he swerves his gaze on Taehyung's satisfied one. Taehyung seems to be participating in the potion's creation as much as Jungkook is, chin propped on his hand, rapt attention settled on Jungkook.

The voice is too low to be heard, however, Jungkook catches the way Taehyung's mouth curl around the word 'Legilimens' as he directs his wand toward Jungkook. After Taehyung uttered an 'You too', Jungkook launches a discreet Legilimens as well, their minds now opened to each other.

*'How do you like the cube?'*

Jungkook scoffs at Taehyung's thought and he closes his legs, an attempt at alleviating some of the arousal building in his groin by rubbing them together, his length grazing against the hard curve of his jeans' crotch. He braces himself on his desk and his back arches when he grinds forward, the zipper painfully digging on the head of his cock. He sighs, his hole clenched around the dildo and Jungkook has half a mind to slip his hand under his robe, grab a hold of the toy to fuck himself with it but he freezes when his friend's voice elevates.

"Okay so, this part is done," Hoseok excitedly exclaims as he twirls a spatula in the cauldron. "All we have to do for the next five minutes is mix the concoction clockwise. Can you retrieve the rest of the ingredients in the meantime?"

*Right.*

Walking around with a dildo in his ass sounds like a job Jungkook wants to undertake right now.

“Jungkook?” Hoseok calls and the aforementioned looks at him.  
“Everything okay? You look a little red.”

“Been feeling queasy the whole morning,” Jungkook lies, ignoring Taehyung barked laugh in his head. “Think I’m a little sick.”

“Should we tell the professor? I can handle the rest of the potion on my own,” Hoseok and his boundless kindness propose.

“No no it’s fine,” Jungkook shakes his head. “It’s not that bad.” Taehyung mentally interjects with a ‘Yet’. “I’ll go get the ingredients,” he says, takes the note where a list is written down then stands. When he does, the dildo buries deeper, jabbing in his prostate and Jungkook’s legs threaten to give way under his weight as he takes a quivering step.

The walk to the storage room where potions ingredients are stored is peppered with held back grunts, mockery from Taehyung in the form of chuckles, and tentativeness as, at each new step Jungkook takes, the toy shifts in his hole, the motions spurring more precum out of his hard cock thankfully hidden by his long robes.

Jungkook slams the storage’s door behind him, supports his hands on one of the racks and immediately casts a Silencio on himself. He unbuttons his jeans, yanks down the zipper and grabs a tight hold of his cock over his underwear. His hiss is silent, akin to the moan he expels and he tugs at his throbbing shaft, keeping an eye on the door’s handle.

*‘I need more,’* Jungkook complains to Taehyung, the man humming in response.

*‘Oh, really? I can give you that if you come back.’*

Jungkook scratches the nail of his thumb on his glans and he groans, hips bucking up. *‘I don’t know how well I can pretend in front of others that I don’t have a dildo up my ass.’* Particularly as, feeling greedy and after

leaving the crumpled paper on the shelf, he slides a hand behind him and grabs a hold of the flared base of the dildo. The door's handle is still immobile, so, driven by his cravings, Jungkook pulls out the dildo as best he can in the tight confinement of his jeans before pushing it back in, aimed straight at his prostate. *'Feels so good, wish you could fuck me there.'*

*'Fuck Jungkook. Don't say stuff like that.'*

Jungkook huffs a laugh that veers into a breathy moan when he carries on with the movements of his hands, one stroking his cock, the other pumping the dildo in and out of fluttering hole. *'Are you hard?'*

*'As a damn rock, what do you think? And unlike some, there's nothing I can do about it yet. I didn't think this through...'*

*'You could come here and fuck me,'* Jungkook thinks, hoping Taehyung would take him up on his offer.

*'We barely reached stage three and the fourth one introduces a fun feature of my creation.'*

Jungkook, frustrated by the lack of freedom his jeans offers, drags them down his thighs along with his underwear, his cock jutting out, the red head glistening with precum. He spits into his palm and adopts a fast rhythm as he jerks himself off. He rests his cheek on the shelf, uncaring of the dust, readjusts his grip of the dildo to pound it inside him. He trembles and moans, his shouts of pleasure silent but the arousal is not, growing high and stronger the more he fucks himself on the toy.

He feels it more than he hears it.

Taehyung snaps his fingers for the fourth time. However, unlike previously, the dildo does not enlarge, but rather *vibrates*.

The dildo is a vibrator, one that Jungkook shoves right against his prostate and he collapses on his knees, panting, shudders wracking through his body, in sync with the toy. *'Taehyung, ah... I'm gonna f— Ah!'* Jungkook yells in his mind, head thrown back when the vibrations increase and it takes all his

willpower plus a hand squeezing at the base of his cock to not come on the spot.

*‘Stage four and five. They’re a nice surprise, aren’t they? Stage six is even better, the vibrations are stronger and it grows larger where it reaches the size of my own cock. I molded the toy out of me, you know, if it is any of your interest.’*

The idea of Taehyung jerking himself off so that he’s hard and all prepared to create his spell has a swirl tightening in Jungkook’s guts. He would have done anything to be a spectator of that, maybe would have even handed his mouth to make sure Taehyung’s shaft is engorged with blood, all nicely wet and hard for him.

Jungkook glances at the door that is still closed and he fantasizes for a moment of Taehyung walking in, seeing Jungkook face down on his knees, spine curled to push his ass higher, presenting himself for his boyfriend. He imagines Taehyung having his ways with him right there, in the middle of their class where anyone could come in and see Taehyung hammering Jungkook with the fat cock the latter is yearning for.

The vibrator is still buzzing in Jungkook’s hand and on his walls, his cock leaking where it’s poised above the floor. *‘Tae—Taehyung I need to, hah, have to come out, the potion—’*

*‘Finite Incantatem.’*

The vibrations stop, a respite Jungkook uses to catch his breath and braces himself on his hands. *‘I almost came on the floor.’*

*‘I want to see it though, so quickly takes the ingredients and come back.’*

*‘Yeah, okay.’* Jungkook makes a rapid job of sweeping with the edge of his robes the drop of precum and dribbled on the ground and he stands, albeit shakily, legs feeling like jelly. The toy is snug against his rim and he winces when he tucks his length back in his underwear, the restriction of his jeans uncomfortable. Jungkook attempts to straighten up his most certainly disheveled state, brushing wrinkles and dust away along with his hair that

he neatly sweeps backward, wiping his hands on his robe. *‘I probably look fucked out.’*

*‘As per usual.’*

*‘Shut up.’*

Taehyung laughs and Jungkook smiles as well amidst his gathering of ingredients.

Couple minutes later and he’s out, head lowered as he slowly treks back to his seat. His eyes meet Taehyung’s the latter seemingly focused on the brewing potion. “Here”, he says after removing the Silencio and he deposits his charge on the desk, carefully sitting back down.

“Thanks,” Hoseok says. “We still have thirty seconds left before we have to add the feathers.”

Jungkook nods, struggling to calm his nerves down. He feels on edge in every way possible: one due to his own denial of his orgasm, another out of anticipation, and a third because Taehyung said a ‘Mobiliarbus’, the vibrations of the toy starting anew.

Jungkook tenses on the bench, legs clamming shut at the whirring, hard and insistent on his walls and against his sensitive prostate. He casts a Silencio on himself again, a palm covering his mouth to still muffle his moans just in case. He rides the vibrator with curt and prudent undulation of his hips, unable to remain still when all he wants is to come.

Taehyung must have some sort of secret sixth sense when it comes to Jungkook’s pleasure because right as he’s on the verge of an orgasm, Taehyung murmurs “Finite Incantatem.”

“What?” Jimin blurts out, Jungkook not daring to look behind.

“What ‘what’? I said nothing,” Taehyung retorts.

“I thought you spoke, never mind. Also give me the feathers, have to put them in soon,” Jimin continues.



“Oh!” Taehyung says then snaps for the sixth and last time. “Here. Three, right?”

“Yup.”

Jungkook seizes. The dildo engorges more and more, its shape changing the slightest bit where it feels familiar and he is reminded of Taehyung’s earlier words when the head a large vein molds against his walls, similar to the one on Taehyung’s cock. He crumbles on the desk, curls his arms around his head, mouth opened around muted sobs and lewd moan. His whole body shakes under the reigns he attempts to have over himself, all in vain when he unconsciously ruts his ass on the vibrating toy and his cock against the zipper. *‘Taehyung, Taehyung I’m so— Hah, gonna come, m’so... F—Fuck, hah, anh.’*

Jungkook believes he hears voices that aren’t Taehyung’s but he cannot be sure, not when his attention is zeroed-in on the phantom shaft vibrating inside him, droning on his prostate and seemingly buzzing so strongly that he nearly feels it on his cock and balls. Nor can he focus on anything at the filth Taehyung whispers in his head.

*‘Look at you, so shameless... Riding a cock that is not even mine in the middle of our classroom. What would they say if they knew?’*

Jungkook wonders for a fleeting moment and he bashfully hides his face in the crook of his elbow, legs spasming as he grinds faster and harder on his seat, the vibrators’ pulsations so intense it gnaws at his last shred of self-control the more it bores in his sweet spot. His brain still retains a sense of his surroundings, enough to deepen his arousal when he remembers how everyone could potentially see him come undone for a reason they would not even know, hidden beneath the layers of clothes.

*‘You make it so difficult to not bend you over the table, pull your pants down and fuck you right then and there, where everyone can see. Because you’d love that, wouldn’t you? Always adored showing everyone who you belong to. Who owns you... Maybe I should have put a collar on you this morning.’*

Jungkook gasps, his Adam apple bobbing up and down when he imagines a weight around his throat, of a collar Taehyung would have chosen for him. Or perhaps of Taehyung's hand, the constricting fingers giving the pretense of squeezing the air out of his lungs, similar to now where the searing heat clogs his vocal chords.

*'You're close, aren't you? Are you really going to come, just like that? In front of everyone? Of me? Without even touching yourself?'*

*Holy fuck.* Jungkook is close. He's about to come in the middle of the Slytherins dungeons, surrounded by his oblivious classmates and he could use his safeword if he was not so aroused at the idea of needing to Silencio himself, if he did not get off on that part of himself that loves getting frisky in front of people without them actually knowing.

Beside Taehyung, Taehyung who thinks *'Come for me, Love.'*

It's all Jungkook needed to spill in his pants, cum coating his underwear where the wet patch expands and it does not stop, even less when the vibrations continue, dragging him on that edge of overstimulation he always revels into. He squirms and writhes, dig his nails on his palms, mutely moans and pants as he drools on his desk the more he continues to fuck himself on the toy massaging his oversensitive prostate in relentless vibrations.

*'Evanesco.'*

All at once, the dildo vanishes from Jungkook's ass. He blinks his eyes open and when he darts them up he sees Taehyung, leaned above him with a concerned moue. "Love? Are you okay? You're all flushed and sweating."

Jungkook only realized then how *hot* he is, perspiration wetting his shirt but it's nothing compared to the discomfort of being so suddenly empty of the girth that was filling him up so well seconds ago.

"You should take him to Pomfresh," Hoseok says. "He said he felt sick since this morning."

“Yeah I’ll do that,” Taehyung nods, a seriousness etching his face not fit for the salacious endeavor he put Jungkook under. “Can you walk, Love?” He wonders and Jungkook negates it. “I’ll carry you then, okay? Pomfresh will help you.” Taehyung slings his arms around Jungkook’s back and bellow his knees then lifts him up, Jungkook clutching onto his wand as he burrows his sweaty and warm face on his boyfriend’s neck. “Can you warn the professor when he’s back?” Taehyung says to their friends and when they reply with a chorus of agreement, he makes his way out of the classroom, passing by Pomfresh’s infirmary to go straight to his and Jungkook’s bedroom.

The second Taehyung closes the door behind them Jungkook lifts his head and awards his boyfriend with a punch on the chest. “I hate you so much!”

“You loved it,” Taehyung snorts and, as literal as one can be, *hurls* Jungkook on the mattress, the latter bouncing a couple times with an offended yelp.

“Of course I did, asshole,” Jungkook grumbles and glares at Taehyung, arms crossed. “Doesn’t change the fact that we did *that* in front of everyone. What if they noticed?” He raises his hands to his conceal his face and mumbles “By Salazar what if they did.”

“You like exhibitionism,” Taehyung counters and climbs on the bed, shuffling closer to Jungkook. “Plus the idea of them potentially noticing had you all hot and bothered.”

“I do like exhibitionism *only* when people don’t know what we’re doing.”

“Which was the case there. I made sure no one did, not even Jimin or Hoseok caught on what was going on, I promise Love,” Taehyung reassures him and scrapes his nails on Jungkook’s scalp.

Jungkook peers between the gaps of his fingers and glimpses at the genuine worry furrowing Taehyung’s brows. He sighs and moves his arms to curl them around Taehyung, bringing him down for a chaste kiss. “I’m okay, just embarrassed of how I loved it.”

“You really did?” Taehyung inquires and settles himself between Jungkook’s legs.

“I did, promise. I think I’m just surprised of how much,” Jungkook confesses. They delved into slight exhibitionism in the past, but not to this extent and certainly not while surrounded by dozens of classmates.

“Good,” Taehyung smiles and lays a peck on Jungkook’s lips. “Because if I remember well, we made a bet that you failed to win.”

Jungkook gapes, splutters in affront and says “I didn’t lose?!”

“You did the second you had to Silencio yourself.”

Perhaps Taehyung makes a very valid point, but Jungkook will not go down without a fight. “Even without it I wouldn’t have made a sound.”

“Then why cast it in the first place then?”

“Because—” Jungkook battles to find a good repartee but he comes short and huffs, groaning under his breath about annoying boyfriends.

“Exactly. So...” Taehyung trails the tip of his fingers down Jungkook’s chest, halting at the rim of the pants. “I get to discipline you for your lack of control. Do you agree or not?”

Jungkook wants to blurt out a ‘No’, just to be an infuriating brat but he never does that when Taehyung asks for his consent. “Yes, I do.” However, he stills speaks harshly, earning himself a vice on his jaw as Taehyung jerks Jungkook’s head aside to stare at the displayed neck.

“I think you deserve a collar today.”

Taehyung and Jungkook end up skipping the rest of their potion class, coming back later to the Great Hall, Taehyung with a self-satisfied, complacent smile; Jungkook with a glower marring his face, enhanced by the limp in his walk and sore throat; wrist, ankles and neck reddened, while the rest of his body is covered in pink trails of the ropes Taehyung had him tied into.

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## The Orange Ice Cube

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“Taehyung... *What the fuck?* I look like a *demon*.”

“Precisely,” Taehyung hums, appraising Jungkook from head to toes.

Jungkook shivers from where he stands in front of the mirror. “You’re into some freaky shit.”

Taehyung’s tongue darts out in the corner of his mouth when he smiles. “So are you,” he says and glances at the prominent bulge in Jungkook’s pajamas.

“First of all, I’m hard because you’ve been groping my ass for the past minutes,” Jungkook objects and curses when the two hands fondle his butt cheeks harder. “Second of all, what am I looking at?”

Because, frankly, Jungkook is not so sure.

Where his nest of pastel green hair lays, two very real *black horns* coil from the top of his head to the back of it, the ‘C’ shapes ending bellow his ears in sharp points. They are adorned by plethora of jewelry: rows of golden bracelets locked at the densest part above, while dangling earring are fastened on the curve of the bottom. When Jungkook moves his head from side to side, testing the newfound weight on his head, the jewelry clinging together and Taehyung grunts.

“*Shit.*” Taehyung swears once more and his hands sprawl over the span of Jungkook’s pelvis. “Just thinking of them making those sounds when I fuck you makes me lose my mind.”

“Salazar Taehyung, you do like them, huh?” Jungkook has to admit he does as well, finding the addition a nice compliment to his complexion and already beautiful features. Taehyung’s response comes in the form of a grind, his hard cock pressing against Jungkook’s ass. “Yeah, alright, you like it.” As he says this, he also notices the existence of an actual raven tail that snaps to the side. “A tail? *Really,*” he drawls out, studying the three foot long appendage.

“I liked the idea of it, plus,” Taehyung carries on, his fingers skidding up, toward the base of the tail on Jungkook’s lower back, the latter having discarded his shirt a while ago. “Your tail is *extremely* sensitive.”

When Jungkook ate that orange ice cube earlier, and after Taehyung’s concise explanation of “*It’ll change your appearance a little bit. Your eyes will be red, your veins will darken, and you’ll also acquire... Additional features*”, Jungkook had not entertained the idea that it would somehow veer into something like this.

Hence him loudly gasping when Taehyung’s thumb and index curl around the base of his tail, the sensation alien yet so *delicious* his cock hardens even more, tenting the front of his pajamas. “Oh fuck that’s... Okay that feels really good, as in, *really really* good. Can you touch more of it?”

“You sound a little desperate, my Prince.”

Jungkook quirks a brow at the uncommon appellation and his red eyes dart to Taehyung’s searching ones on the mirror. There’s a glint in them, heightened by a smile that presses a kiss atop his shoulder.

*Oh.*

Understanding flows through Jungkook and giddiness bubbles inside him. He’s not certain on what kind of roleplay his boyfriend wants to delve into,

but according to the pet name and his newfound demonic attire, his guess mustn't be too far from the truth.

Jungkook changes his whole demeanor to one of haughtiness, arms crossed and chin held high as he bore his gaze on Taehyung's form with disdain. "Have you not pledged your allegiance to me when you joined my ranks?"

Taehyung stops his kisses, surprise and excitement evident on his face. He leans back, a hand still poised on Jungkook's hip and says "Aren't demons known for their devious behavior? As Lucifer and Hell's Prince," Taehyung continues, sharing more about the roles he wants them to embody tonight, "you should be more cautious in whom you entrust your faith with. *God* knows such carelessness may lead to your own doom, as it has in the past."

Jungkook's lips curls around a snarl. "Accio wand." The wand flies to him and once secured in his hold he hisses "Mobilicorpus." Then, with a flick of his wrist, he throws Taehyung on their mattress. Without leaving any chance for the other to retaliate, he mutters an 'Immobulus', Taehyung's limbs stuck in place.

Jungkook honest to Go— Well, *Satan*, smirks.

He struts toward the bed, climbs on it and crawls up to find himself a seat on Taehyung's lap, right above the crotch and fat cock squeezed against his own. He grinds down a few times, revels in the air Taehyung sucks in, looking down at him in every meaning as he puts the tip of his wand on the dip of Taehyung's throat.

"Now," Jungkook begins, voice dripping with venomous honey, "I believe a meager, lesser demon like you has no say in what I may, or may not do." He trails his wand down, casts a 'Luminare Incendio' — a spell the two came up with years ago — that heats up the wood in his hand, not scorching where it'll burn, but hot enough to heat up the skin of Taehyung's clavicles as he traces their shape. "I could blaze you to ashes if I desired to, where all that would be left is an imp sweeping away your deplorable existence to oblivion. You must know by now how my flames flare the brightest when handling the likes of you."

Taehyung is notably silent despite being able to talk, hungry gaze raving across Jungkook's form. He shudders when the wand circles at his hardening nipple, hissing when the hot wood lightly swings at the nub.

"Doubting your Prince's words warrants for a punishment, even banishment from Hell, if the mood strikes me, and with how presumptuous you have behaved with me, I have many, *many* reasons to prefer the latter."

"You would shun the very person unraveling and introducing you to the pleasure of the flesh?" Taehyung finally speaks, confident despite the predicament he is in.

Jungkook bends forward, a hand on Taehyung's chest to brace himself while, with his wand bellow Taehyung's chin, he tilts the man's head up for their eyes to meet. "You are not a person, that would be granting you too much importance, one you do not deserve."

"Just a lesser demon, right?"

"You are slowly, but surely, learning your place."

"I find it quite interesting," Taehyung smiles.

Jungkook's eyes narrow into thin slits. "What is," he asks, but it sounds more like a statement.

"How the very same 'meager demon' had the Prince of Hell writhing in his sheets, crying, *begging* for more. What a compelling dichotomy you make, my Prince."

Jungkook tuts, brows knitting as he halts his Luminare Incendio. "Do not forget who I am, *demon*." He spits the last word, tries to convey as much contempt as he can, but it does not seem to deter Taehyung the slightest bit.

"Oh I do, Luci. Finite Incantatem." All of a sudden Taehyung regains control of his immobilized body as he dispels the Mobilicorpus. He swaps their position, hauling Jungkook on his back before flipping him onto his front and if Jungkook's stomach churns with arousal at the easiness in



which Taehyung accomplished all of that, no one has to know. Jungkook is on his hands and knees when Taehyung wrenches his wrists on his back, Jungkook falling face first on the pillow. “Incarcerous.”

Taehyung is a powerful enough wizard to not need to use his wand for casting spells, something that never failed to entice Jungkook such as now, where his cock aches in his pajamas at the rough manhandling.

Ropes materialize out of thin air, wrapping around Jungkook’s body in intricate knots that Taehyung perfected with time, tying up Jungkook’s arms on his back, close to where his tails is, the velvety extension darting left and right, an echo of his amusement.

“Color.”

“Green,” Jungkook replies.

“I know we negotiated earlier but you’re okay with everything so far?” Taehyung asks, ever so caring.

“My dick is leaking like a faucet and ruining my expensive pjs, Taehyung, so yes, I am *very* okay with all that’s currently happening,” Jungkook says, unable to keep the teasing sass out of his words. “What about you though?” He wonders and turns his head to peer up at Taehyung who snorts.

“So am I, let’s continue.”

And Jungkook does, immediately struggles against his bindings at Taehyung’s cue. “Let me go you—”

Taehyung croons, as though endeared by the inefficient attempt and it’s so humiliating Jungkook’s cheeks heat up. “Luci cannot achieve that on his own? Are you truly as powerful as everyone says?”

“You better let me go,” Jungkook seethes, glaring at Taehyung from where he’s bent. “If you don’t I will command each one of my hellhounds to tear your pathetic—” Jungkook winces when Taehyung grabs a handful of

Jungkook's hair along with the left horn and *yanks*, keeping his back arched.

"You were not so mouthy last night while you were gasping for air around my cock," Taehyung murmurs next to Jungkook's ear. "Perhaps I should do this once more, fuck your throat until you can't speak anymore nor spew any nonsense that even you, yourself, don't believe in."

Jungkook laughs, mocking, his voice strained with the way Taehyung's grip maintains his head back. He still manages to catch Taehyung's eyes when the latter shifts, though, and says "You would never get me that far gone." It's not true, and they both know it, whether Jungkook and Taehyung, or the Prince of Hell and lesser demon.

"Shall we test it out?" Without any further warning, Taehyung, with his free hand, tugs once on the base of Jungkook's tail. Jungkook moans, the feeling of the appendage so eerie, nearly as sensitive as his shaft but different; *more*, somehow. "You fall apart so easily within my hands."

"I—I don't, let me go." Albeit the knowledge of it being vain, Jungkook squirms in the confinement the strings provide, his mind misting the slightest bit when the ropes dig into his flesh, some part scratching his skin, trapped and at Taehyung's mercy in the best way possible.

"I could let you go," Taehyung says and moves Jungkook's wand to place it on the second pillow, so close yet so out of reach, "but you don't want that, do you?" He releases Jungkook's strands and horn to slide his hand low; push at the nape to force Jungkook's face down; painfully scrapes his nails from the shoulder blades to the two dimples further down and Jungkook hisses, the prickle of pain prompting a shudder that rumbles through him. "Your body and words tell so many different stories." The hand joins the other on the tail, only the pulp of the fingers touching it as Taehyung rubs his thumbs up and down and Jungkook jolts, seeks to move away from the foreign touch but Taehyung does not let him, and quite frankly, Jungkook doesn't want Taehyung to allow him to. "So responsive... Your body does not lie, unlike your mouth."

“Shut up, I’m not—” The rest of Jungkook’s sentence ends on pleased sigh when the two hands start a torturous, dry pump of his tail and he’s hit with the tardy realization that he has *a tail*, one that he feels, one that seems connected to his groin, his prostate and maybe everything at once. “For Hell’s sake,” he curses, a small noise that veers into a shaky whine when he watches Taehyung hunching over his tail before licking a stripe from the base and higher.

“Evanesco,” Taehyung casts and Jungkook’s pajama pants disappear, now fully naked, having not worn any underwear. Taehyung continues his ministrations, mouthing at the two inch girth of the tail before adding his teeth to it, nibbling at the black, silky flesh. Jungkook thrusts back against Taehyung’s face, wanting more but the man pulls away. “What shall I do with you...” Taehyung wonders. “I am naught but a meager demon, yet I have the Prince of Hell beneath me on my bed.” Two of his fingers drift down the cleft of Jungkook’s ass, pausing at the hole but not pushing in to Jungkook’s dismay. “How about I prepare you to receive my cock? What do you say?”

“Want to kiss, open your mouth,” Jungkook demands and to his astonishment, Taehyung complies.

“How sweet, already caving in,” Taehyung says and leans, their breath mingling together.

It’s a spur of the moment mistake, really.

When Taehyung parts his lips open, contrary to what both of them expected because even Jungkook *himself* is taken aback by what he does, Jungkook spews a drop of saliva in Taehyung’s mouth.

*Jungkook spat on Taehyung’s tongue.*

His own mouth goes slack with shock while Taehyung’s eyes widen, equally aghast by the bold, reckless and inane action. “Color. Taehyung color.” Jungkook quickly blurts out, breaking out of his character when Taehyung is still motionless.

Until he is not anymore.

Taehyung's eyes and attitude darken so swiftly Jungkook feels dizzy at the change. There's a hand on Jungkook's neck, mean as it swerves in a taunt vice, the nail boring in the skin and when Taehyung speaks that single word, his voice so glacial it would freeze the Cocytus itself, vicious with an edge promising an exile to a scathing purgatory. "*Green.*"

Jungkook can tell that it is not just roleplaying, that a fire was ignited within Taehyung and not solely from the character he embodies for the night. If Jungkook is completely honest with himself, he has only rarely been this scared of his boyfriend, and he *adores it*. There is something so carnal that Taehyung exudes in moments like those, even if Jungkook knows the fury he perceives in Taehyung is not real, ever; that he would not punish Jungkook out of genuine upset or anger; but it still has a cold sweat beading on Jungkook's back and trickling down, the pulsations of his heart speeding at each second that elapses in silence.

Jungkook feels as though he accidentally set a predator's nest ablaze, not knowing that said beast feeds on fire itself, the inferno Jungkook prompted consuming him instead.

"Breath play." Taehyung snips and when Jungkook does not reply, too stunned to formulate a word, Taehyung's nail scrape up to the scalp to fist around the hair, Jungkook moaning in both pain and pleasure. "*Breath play.*"

"Wh—What?"

"Breath play, yes or no?" Taehyung is fixating Jungkook, the latter's heart hammering in his chest, the adrenaline rushing through his brain coalesces with the ever growing arousal burning his senses. "I won't repeat it another time, and it would do you well to obey every single one of my command from that point on, safewords excluded. Yes or no to all of that?"

The warning blares loud in Jungkook's mind, flashes of a hand coming down on his skin, or a flog because Taehyung judged him unworthy of his touch; maybe even a knife, one that would never cut Jungkook but the

threat of the chilling blade would be enough to instill that unbridled terror he loves to relish in occasionally. So, Jungkook speaks, shaking with apprehension and an elated buzz at the development he has been longing for for the past days. “Yes.”

Taehyung fully withdraws then and when Jungkook lifts his head to peer at him Taehyung harshly shoves it back on the pillow, the jewelry clanking. “You don’t get to move unless I grant you my explicit permission to do so. Do you understand?” Jungkook tries to nod but the clench of Taehyung’s hand at the back of his head makes it impossible to budge. Instead, he utters a quiet ‘Yes’ and Taehyung says “Soon, you won’t even be able to breath unless I allow you to,” he susurrates and Jungkook can feel the air on his ear. “Soon, I will own your very existence, my Prince.”

Taehyung leaves the bed, his footsteps echoing in the tensed silence. Jungkook hears him rummaging through their closets, opening a drawer before closing it shut with a quiet snap that still has Jungkook jolting from where he’s laid bare. “Chain leash and collar,” Taehyung asks after a while.

Jungkook’s cock jerks from where it’s erected between his legs. “Yes.” He uses that lull to calm his nerves, shift back into his role and relax his muscles from the position he’s been stuck in for the past minutes. His hands clench and unclench and when he moves his head, just enough to gulp a bubble of fresh air that is not smothered by his pillow, the jewelry on his horns rattle together and he freezes.

“Let me hear that noise one more time and I’ll make sure you cannot move a single damn limb of yours for the remainder of the night.” Taehyung’s warning is adorned by the clank of chains, their sound growing nearer and soon it clatters next to Jungkook.

Coldness wraps around Jungkook’s throat while a nebulous fog does around his mind. The metal hoops of the collar press on the skin, their presence heavy, numbing the more he falls into his headspace. Once the collar is fastened, the click of the leash’s clasp further locks Jungkook’s will to fight back, his body sagging on the mattress. Taehyung tugs on the metal leash and the collar tightens. It’s not a taunt fit, but it’s enough to send a message, one that Jungkook hears but momentarily discards out of the window.

“You’re cute, thinking that a chain will change anything,” Jungkook taunts.

“It has, already is.” Taehyung, crouched on the right side of the bed, pulls on the leash, prompting Jungkook to raise his head and have him rest his cheek on the pillow. “Open your mouth,” he says, a remembrance of Jungkook’s words.

Jungkook grits his teeth.

“I said, open your mouth,” Taehyung lowly reiterates. “Unless you want it to land somewhere else on your face?”

Jungkook hesitates for another second but he eventually surrenders, lips parting and Taehyung bends, the man’s mouth open as well, *testing*, a temptation Jungkook nearly caves for but he relents, dismisses the idea to repeat his earlier mistake. Their lips brush together, tender when Taehyung laps at Jungkook’s bottom one, then, without any additional notice, Taehyung’s spits in Jungkook’s mouth, the dribble landing on the tongue.

“Swallow.” Taehyung’s directive has no place for argument so Jungkook obeys, his Adam apple struggling to move up and down. “Open up.” Jungkook executes and Taehyung spits in his mouth again. “Swallow. Last one.” This time, Jungkook does not wait for Taehyung to tell him to swallow, instead immediately does so. “So you *can* be good.”

“I do like your taste,” Jungkook slurs, the fog becoming thicker.

“Of course you do,” Taehyung croons, “after all, *you* were the ravenous one pleading for me to coat your tongue with my cum.”

Jungkook hums, lids fluttering the more he focuses on the weight of the chain on his throat. On the ropes weaved around his body in a snug glove, the pressure of the knots comforting, their repression a reminder that he relinquished his control, that he’s trapped in that euphoric catharsis of himself and the chains and Taehyung.

*Only Taehyung.*

“*That’s it,*” Taehyung praises, having noticed the begin of the shift in Jungkook, always so in tune with him, observing each and every cue Jungkook emits, whether vocally or physically. “My beautiful Prince,” he says and grabs onto Jungkook’s chin, his thumb pushing past the teeth. When he spits a fourth time, he spreads his saliva on the tongue, mixing it with Jungkook’s drool. “Only I get to stake such filthy claim over you, yes?”

Jungkook nods, gaze not straying away from Taehyung’s pleased one as the man retrieves his finger. “How do I let everyone know that I’m yours? That you’re mine?”

“You do, already. Every night the whole demon realm can hear their Prince chanting my name, imploring *me* for more.” Taehyung smiles and when his hand moves the leash does as well, along with collar that slides around Jungkook’s throat. “Imagine the tales they must recount, hushed from your ears, about how an insignificant demon like me has Lucifer pliant under him, bending to his every will. They must be laughing and raving of how beautifully pathetic you are.”

Jungkook inhales a sharp breath at the last sentence, prickles of shame erupting inside him, warm and tingling down to his groin, blood running hot in his veins. “Lucifer does not bend.” The protest is frail, weak and stupid, an instance that urges a derisive chuckle out of Taehyung.

“Is that so?” Taehyung tugs the chain to let it pool down Jungkook’s arched back in a chilly path. “What is this, then?” The trek of the leash leads him to the curve of Jungkook’s rear kept high up by the ropes, then to the underside of the thighs, soon reaching the crook of the knees dug in the mattress, goosebumps raising in its wake. “Denying the truth won’t grant you what you want. *I*, won’t.”

Taehyung reclines and, supporting himself on Jungkook’s shoulder, he stands, maintaining a certain force there before he subsides. “I could already be bringing you the utmost pleasure, yet you refuse to allow that for yourself,” Taehyung resumes. With a clack of his tongue he gathers the chain to, in a way that tears a breathy moan out of Jungkook, enfold it around the base of the sensitive tail, tying it there.

“Fuck.” Jungkook tests the expanse of motion he has now that the leash is linked from his collar to his tail. When he moves the extension, the metallic hoops stiffen around his neck as they strain against the stretch. The chain rubs at the base of his tail, a jolt of pleasure shooting to his cock that has been dripping on the sheets.

“Hold onto that for me, will you, my Prince?” Taehyung asks as though he would leave any choice for Jungkook and he disappears from Jungkook’s vicinity to walk to their bathroom.

Jungkook is immobile, panting and he grunts when his tail uncontrollably lurch to one side, his cock mirroring the pleasure the motion gave him by spurting another drop of precum. “Aah, fuck.” The act is clumsy but he does it anyway, so, needing to experience more of that unknown feeling, he swings his tail from left to right, reveling in how the chain wrapped around it skid up and down the slightest bit, the friction barely sufficient to feed his arousal.

Lost in his discovery of the appendage, Jungkook yelps when something cold and wet soaks his clef and hole. Without any preamble, two fingers break past the barrier of his rim and his spine curves inward, the movement jostling the chain that tugs on both his tail and collar. “That’s hah, barely enough to satisfy me,” Jungkook laughs. “You’re lacking, tonight.”

“And you still cannot, for the life of you, behave.” Taehyung’s index and middle finger thrusts in and out of Jungkook’s hole, making scissoring motions while deftly avoiding the prostate.

“I don’t *behave*, and certainly not for someone like you.” Jungkook’s retort falls flat at its breathlessness, even more when he pushes back to try and fuck himself on the fingers, the stretch minimal and not enough to satisfy his need for something thicker.

“Maybe I should train you, then,” Taehyung says and adds a third finger, the unnecessary amount of lube tickling down Jungkook’s thighs. “Break you in every way possible.” As he utters this, he jabs his blunt finger nails on the sensitive bundle of nerves, Jungkook yelling at the stinging thrill vibrating through his body. “Have your mind become nothing but feeble



thoughts, and then, once the sole word your brain can conjure is the name of the one who owns you, I would mend you back to that little, obedient doll even an imp would find no use for. But I would, I *always* do.”

“Taehyung I’m, hah it’s— Yeah... Fuck, *fuck*.” The shakes in Jungkook’s sore legs do not stop, even as Taehyung massages his prostate, the pulp of the three fingers drawing hard circles, unforgiving, similar to the ropes binding him that Jungkook *knows* are leaving red marks behind them. “I... Haa, so good... Taehyung.”

“I’d turn you into my very own cock sleeve only good for that because you’d be too dazed,” Taehyung carries on, as though he was not taking Jungkook apart, “too *dumb* for anything else beside spreading your mouth and legs for me, eagerly awaiting your ruin.”

Jungkook’s balls draw up and his cock throbs when Taehyung initiates a deep rut of his fingers, pulling them in and out, faster and harder and Jungkook whimpers, writhes in the bed sheets at the delicious friction, the pillow drenched with his drool.

“I’d have you sit on my cock in front of your legions, while I’d be settled on the throne that is yours, yet ours then. Does it not sound like a Heaven even angels would sin for with envy?”

*It does.*

Jungkook daydreams about Taehyung treating him like a toy existing solely to warm his cock, bend over whenever the man would feel like it, uncaring of their surroundings as Taehyung would pound every inch of Jungkook’s soul out of his body. Maybe Taehyung would even plug Jungkook once he’s done, keep him stretched and full with his cum only to remove it and fuck the seeping filth back inside. Perhaps, Jungkook would not need to think anymore, mind torn asunder by Taehyung, too stupid then to conceive anything except what Taehyung gives him, renouncing the dominance that comes with his stature to instead bask in this blissful submission.

The fuzz heightens, grows to this familiar weightlessness where he doesn’t dissociates from his body, per se, but feels as though a dense blanket is

encasing him, dulling yet magnifying the sensations he receives.

“You’re uncharacteristically silent, My Prince,” Taehyung says and kisses the back of Jungkook’s right upper thigh. “Are you finally yielding to me? Hm? Accepting that you’re mine? Mine to ravish with pleasure, mine to submit... Mine to love.”

Jungkook feels himself slip out of his role and himself as a whole. What was left of his defiance vanishes to the void, a delighted hum thrumming between his ears the more the fingers drive inside, slow yet hard, not missing his prostate once and he quivers, timber high and needy when he says “Need you... Need you Taehyung, want to feel your cock.”

“You can ask nicer than that, can’t you?” Taehyung teases then mouths at Jungkook’s tails curved limply over his back, accompanying it with a lewd stroke of his lubed hand above where the chains are curled. He tugs on the leash for a moment, the collar narrowing but he releases, Jungkook gasping as his eyes glaze over.

“*Please*,” Jungkook keens, a tear sliding down the bridge of his nose, the wall and furniture facing him blurring into abstract shapes. “Please, Taehyung, pleas—*aah*.”

“*There it is*,” Taehyung praises and slips his fingers out of Jungkook. The leash is next, Taehyung unfolding it from around Jungkook’s tail, the extension trembling at each passes of the cold metal against its skin.

“M’ready, don’t want another finger,” Jungkook mumbles and somehow manages to find Taehyung’s eyes in his bleary search. “Can you fuck me? Please? Need you inside me, too empty.”

Taehyung appraises Jungkook’s hips and waist with his palms as he bends over him, slotting his hard cock between Jungkook’s asscheeks and he grinds a few times, allowing the glans to playfully catch on the rim before moving up again. “Need me to fill you up?” Jungkook bobs his head and Taehyung presses his mouth on Jungkook’s nape, moving to the dip of the neck where he grazes his teeth then bites. Jungkook whines, sighs when

Taehyung soothes the dull pain with his tongue. “I deserve an apology, however, don’t you agree?”

The confession tumbles out of Jungkook’s lips, soft and hushed, happiness swirling in his guts at the potent contentment emanating out of Taehyung, of the tender touches and caresses he smooths on Jungkook’s navel, arms, thighs.

“My Prince, so good for me, finally let go.” They share a kiss, slow; languid tongues skimming over each other, as their mouth close on a plump lip. “I’ll take care of you now, yeah? Gonna fuck so well, as you deserve,” Taehyung says, followed by a ‘Finite Incantatem.’

The ropes disappear and Jungkook’s arms fall by his sides, Taehyung massaging the soreness in the muscles. In a flurry of swift yet gentle movements, Taehyung turns Jungkook on his back and shuffles between the spread legs, drawing Jungkook’s knees up.

As basic as it may be, this has always been the couple’s favorite position, especially Jungkook’s. Laid down bellow him, Jungkook can admire the sight Taehyung makes, his hair unruffled and cheeks flushed; sweat glistening on the expanse of his throat, shoulders, some drop dripping from the collarbones and down to the chest. He’s enveloped by everything that makes Taehyung, his unequivocal attention and care.

Taehyung has the leash fastened around his left forearm and Jungkook plummets lower and lower when Taehyung shifts, the chain clanking, a sinful token along with the collar of who he belongs to, who has free reign over his being. Jungkook knows Taehyung chose those because his boyfriend is perfectly aware of how much he loves them, how easily they can make Jungkook slip farther in that subspace where only Taehyung matters.

Hence, in a feat driven by that yearning to please, the tip of Jungkook’s tail brushes the cock poking at his own. He lets the appendage sheathe around the shaft like a ribbon and he’s gauche, tentative because the tail is a new, temporary addition he has yet to master, however, it is enough to tear a noisy moan out of Taehyung.

“Fuck, Jungkook, *shit...*” Taehyung is staring where Jungkook is jerking him off, eyes tracing the loose tunnel the tail makes. “Hah, fu—”

At the hiss Taehyung emits when Jungkook tightens his hold, he gains in confidence and starts a light pump, unable to look away from Taehyung’s contorted face. “Feels good?” Jungkook wonders as he strokes the length of the cock, focusing on the purple, leaking head, forming a ring under the glans that he moves up and down, watching with fascination how some of the precum clashes with the darkness of the tail’s skin.

“Feels so fucking amazing... Tighter,” Taehyung orders. Jungkook does and Taehyung’s hips stutter in their loose grinding. “That’s— Ah, *aah*.” He hums, topples forward, braces himself on his hands sprawled next to Jungkook’s head. He’s still peering down, fucking the sleeve Jungkook’s tail makes with curt jerks.

Jungkook echoes Taehyung’s moans, the appendage sensitive and filled with arousal, but as much as he enjoys this newfound development and like, he wants that cock inside him. “Tae inside, please.”

Taehyung glances up, wet hair hanging off his forehead and grazing on Jungkook’s. “We’ll have to do that again, where I fuck you like this, I’d even—” Taehyung nearly *shouts* when the pointy, string like tip of the tail dives in the small hole atop his glans, gliding down the urethra. “Oh fuck Jungkook, *Jungkook*.” Taehyung fumbles to grip onto Jungkook’s waist, slumping on a forearm. He tosses his head back with a grunt, and; in a way that prompts a powerful shudder through Jungkook; Taehyung *whines*, the sound stuck in his throat. “Love, hah *God Jungkook...* That hurts fuck, fuck, feels so goddamn good,” he growls and wraps a hand around his cock, helping Jungkook in his clumsy motions.

Mind a little clearer, zeroed-in on his boyfriend, Jungkook recalls now how Taehyung is quite the masochist himself so he withdraws the tip of his tail before pushing it back in the hole. He does it, again and again, Taehyung’s mouth parted around unrestrained stream of curses and groans. Taehyung’s cock twitches the more Jungkook fucks it and it’s so hot, the manner in which Taehyung becomes a little desperate, how raspy his voice is when he tells Jungkook to slide the tail deeper.

*Needy and whiny.*

“S—Squeeze the head,” Taehyung stutters and Jungkook quickly complies, tightens his tail on the glans while continuing to rub the shaft, the tip of his appendage still dipping in and out of the hole. “Deeper, go— *Hah fuck*, deeper it’s almost through my prostate holy fuck Jungkook.” Jungkook obeys, slithers lower until Taehyung violently shudders, immobile, still holding onto his cock. “There, *hmm*, ah... Ah shit, should... Should do that more often, with a sound, feels—” Taehyung’s sentence is cut short by Jungkook taking out his tail out before thrusting back in, making sure to pass through that sensitive part that has Taehyung shaking and moaning and gasping as he loses more his poise.

All at once and without ever uttering another word, Taehyung nudges the tail away from his shaft, then, in a hard, frenzied way, slams his cock inside Jungkook.

Jungkook’s back arches with a wail, his hands flying to Taehyung’s shoulders when the latter immediately sets a frantic pace and the sudden stretch propels a delicious pain that pools low in his guts, coils with the arousal simmering there. “Oh, God *God*, Taehyung, Tae— Ah! *Hah...*” Jungkook can only sob, the noises fucked out of his chest the more Taehyung’s cock drills his sweet spot. “Wan—Wanted to feel you... Wanted your, ah, wanted your cock so much, p—please Taehyung.”

Taehyung smiles, regaining his composure at each new plead escaping Jungkook at every new hammering of his hips, his cock nestling deep inside him before drawing back only to ram back in, pace fast and hurried. Jungkook folds his legs around Taehyung’s hips, eagerly spreading them to accommodate Taehyung when the latter’s hands clasp onto Jungkook’s petite waist to brutally drive him his cock, the one with the chains provoking a dull ache where the hoops dig into the flesh.

Jungkook blindly finds a hold on the wrist of Taehyung’s chained hand, dragging the limb higher, right below his chin and above the collar. The tears don’t even have the time to collect in his eyes with the rough movements of Taehyung’s tempo and when he begs, having entirely

forgotten about their game, it's with desperation and lust. "Please please Taehy— Ah, ahn, *hmm... Pl*—Please, need help."

"Need help breathing, Love?" Taehyung asks, the slip up a hint that he forsakes his role too, and he slows his motions to undulations, the fat head of his cock kneading the prostate. Jungkook acquiesces and Taehyung says "Anything for you..." He readjusts the position of his palm, encompasses Jungkook's throat in a lose clamp over the chain, his thumb and middle fingers resting atop the arteries on each side of the neck, the leash pooling over Jungkook's clavicles. "Hold your breath."

At the slight pressure of Taehyung's fingers, a barely there sensation, Jungkook reflexively holds his breath right as Taehyung resumes his earlier pace, the rolls of his hips urgent, the smack of their skin loud. The seconds elapse, one after another, Jungkook's heart pulsating in his chest, head and cock until—

"Release it," Taehyung instructs while slackening the pressure of his fingers' pulp and Jungkook gasps as he expels the air from his lungs to respire a gulp of oxygen. Taehyung only grants him a brief moment of respite before saying 'hold' along with another pressure on the side of Jungkook's throat. "Every time I press, I want you to hold your breath, then when I release, you breath out, until I do it again... *Fuck*, you feel so good, so tight."

Jungkook shakes his head in agreement, too distracted by the daze overtaking him now that his most prized collar adorns his neck.

"Color," Taehyung says after easing his grasp.

"Green," Jungkook pants.

"*Good boy.*"

Taehyung is merciless.

Whether it's with the way he angles his pelvis to jab right onto the prostate. Or how he commands Jungkook's respiration, deciding when Jungkook is

allowed to breathe again. Or how he chuckles, when he watches Jungkook struggling to obey the pressure of the fingers when the plunge of his cock veers to a punishing one, forcing Jungkook to bite on his bottom lip to keep his mouth shut, fighting against the urge to respire through his nose.

Taehyung, with his left hand, finds support on one of the horn, tilting Jungkook's head backward to expose the Adam apple. "Always love the sound you make," he says and plays with the jewelry clinking together at each snap of his hips. "They hear like a reminder of who is beneath me, my Prince."

Jungkook is close and he wants to sob and tell Taehyung but he can't, the light strain on his throat not allowing him to emit any sound. Then, it relaxes and Jungkook expels a raspy moan. "Tae, Tae, ah, *ah!* Tae *Taeh—ngh.*" Jungkook, as promised, chants Taehyung's name, the appellation intersected by whines and sobs. His spine arches, almost painfully when Taehyung swaps the hand controlling his breathing to, instead, with the one wrapped in the leash, jerk Jungkook off, in sync with the erratic rhythm of his thrusts. "O—*Anh!* Taehyung, Taehyu—I'm... S... So close, s'close, m'gonna." The contrast of Taehyung's warm and soft skin, couple with the hardness and coldness of the chain around his cock is what implodes that bubble of arousal, pleasure flowing through him as he comes, shooting between their stomach in long streaks.

Taehyung follows him few seconds later, stilling as he empties inside Jungkook, the two of them riding their orgasm with bucks of their hips, Jungkook driving Taehyung's cock harder on his sensitive prostate, wanting to keep it within him for as long as he can. Taehyung murmurs praises in Jungkook's ears, carefully pulling him down from that misty cloud to anchor him on their bed, the haze in Jungkook's mind still present but lessened as the minutes pass.

Their steadying pants are the only thing heard in the room until Jungkook cuts the silence, words slurred and wavering. "Can't believe we just did that."

Taehyung bursts into laughter, Jungkook joining with breathless giggles. "Can't believe you accepted and liked it."

“I am, as freaky, as you are,” Jungkook says in between the kisses Taehyung peppers on his lips. “When is the t—” He doesn’t get to finish his inquiry before the tail and horns disappear in a puff of white smoke. “Well... That answers my question,” he sighs, exhausted and nerves still delicate.

“Don’t fall asleep yet,” Taehyung mutters against Jungkook’s mouth, rubbing his hands up from the ribs and down to the thighs. “I’ll draw us a warmth bath, okay? I’ll wash your hair and give you a little scalp massage to sooth the places I yanked on, hm?”

The headspace Jungkook was on the verge of fully extracting himself from envelops itself anew at the tenderness in Taehyung’s timber, in his gentle touches and the unadulterated love pooling in his eyes. “I love you.”

“And I you, my Prince.”

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## The Green Ice Cube

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The expectation that was about to Avada Kedavra Jungkook, after hours of absolute nothing, is now vanished as he’s sat at Hogwarts’ library, working on his DADA assignment. The place is mostly deserted, the rectangular table he chose at the far back, secluded from the few students cramming some last moment studying.

Taehyung had told him earlier this morning what the green, apple flavored ice cube was about, an occurrence that had kept Jungkook on edge



throughout the day, the anticipation of when Taehyung would start his game occupying his mind.

However now, at almost 8 p.m., Jungkook wonder of Taehyung forgot about the cube, the disappointment of not playing with his boyfriend distracting him from his chore. He sighs, dips his quill in the ink and then proceeds to nearly spill all of the container when he jolts, fumbling to catch the jar of ink just in time. Jungkook stills, eyes darting around him to verify if he's alone and when he notes the absence of anyone in his vicinity, he peers down at his pants.

Where he felt a hand.

*A phantom hand that brushed his dick.*

*“About that green ice cube... To put it simply, it will link our bodies, in some ways, the effects of it only starting once I utter the word to trigger the spell. If I am to touch my neck, you will feel said touch on your own neck. If I grip and scratch at my thigh, you'll feel the exact same thing on your own leg. So... If I am in the mood to, let's say, jerk myself off on our bed while you're in class, you will experience all of that, and so will I on my side.”*

Once more, Jungkook is left amazed by his boyfriend's brilliant mind.

He taps his quill on the edge of the jar, getting rid off the excess ink and he blankly stares at his parchment, unable to find back what sliver of concentration he had. Even less when an intangible slides from his pelvis and down to his inner thigh, kneading at the flesh there, close to the crotch but not enough to brush on the growing bulge.

A gasp escapes Jungkook's mouth when there's a sudden pinch on his left nipple, the stinging shooting straight to his length. Then the phantom hand disappear only to reappear in a painful pull of his hair at the back of his head, and when he imagines Taehyung, laid on their bed, yanking at his own strands to satisfy both of their masochistic tendencies, he shudders, closing his legs to give hardening shaft some feeble friction.

His senses are zeroed-in on that anticipation, those questions of ‘When will Taehyung touch himself?’, ‘Where?’, ‘Will it be soft or harsh?’, ‘Long or brief?’ plaguing his mind and fully drawing him away from his assignment that he rolls, scared of accidentally ruining hours of his work.

Jungkook folds over the table, crossing his arms to rest his head on top of them. He fixates a point on one of the shelves, eyes skimming over the front cover of a book. A hand plays with his left nipple this time and he still startles when two — wet, he realizes with surprise — fingers tug at the nub, twist it before flicking it, continuing their teasing for a moment. Jungkook has half a mind to touch himself but he does not, instead revels in the strange sensation of someone touching him but also *not*.

Taehyung appears annoyed at his own slow pace because he shifts his attention to his cock, and by extension Jungkook’s. He rubs his palm over their crotch, from the base to the head only to come back down and drag his nails over the balls. “Fuck,” Jungkook curses, now fully hard in the confinement of his trousers. Taehyung seems to be naked, the ministrations on Jungkook’s cock feeling as though they are happening right on the skin.

Taehyung’s hand loosely curls around their cock, starting a slow pump as he purposefully avoids the glans. His boyfriend’s words echo in Jungkook’s mind and, curious on how true they were, he slides a hand under his chemise to bore the nail of his thumb on one of his nipple. When he does, Taehyung’s fist tightens, veering to a hard grip that has Jungkook exhaling a moan.

The reaction reinforces the fact that Taehyung *can* feel Jungkook as well, and, if Jungkook had any doubt left, the perception of a reprimanding slap on the nipple he scraped his nail on is the last bit of confirmation he needs. He giggles, mischief bubbling inside him but listens to Taehyung’s cue and retracts his arm to place it back on the table.

The movement of Taehyung’s hand that had stopped resumes its course, however punctuated this time by the fondling of their balls, Jungkook spreading his leg to slowly ruts on his seat as he fruitlessly tries to fuck Taehyung’s phantom fist. Taehyung strokes them for a few more seconds and it’s so fucking weird because Jungkook’s cock is dry, trapped in his

underwear, yet it also feels as though it's out in the open and coated with an excessive amount of lube.

Jungkook whines when Taehyung withdraws. Not a single touch occurs for a while, the only thing reminding him that the spell is still existing is that sensation of silky bed sheets gliding against his back. He questions for a moment if his boyfriend is edging him, perhaps taunting him with that temporary pleasure, however his worry fly out of the window when something wet and fleshy wraps around the very tip of his cock.

It slides further down, not much, just enough to encase the glans in a tight glove, the bumpy walls of the object pressing on a sensitive point beneath the head that is not his own but *Taehyung's*, Jungkook recognizes, having been acquainted to that spot on his boyfriend's cock more than once in the past when his tongue would lave at it, lick a stripe or even bite sometimes just to watch the way Taehyung's legs would tremble.

Realization hits Jungkook as vibrations buzz from the head of his cock and down to the base.

Taehyung is fucking a fleshlight.

Jungkook's brain goes a little numb when he closes his eyes, fantasizes on the sight Taehyung must make, sprawled on the bed while he circles the entrance of the fleshlight over his glans, making curt, jerking motions while he pumps the head of his cock. Jungkook moans, perhaps a little too loud for the quiet library but he does not care, not when the ghost of a toy sucking in his shaft takes his breath away, precum leaking in his pants, uncomfortable yet so good when he grinds his cock in their confinement to alleviates some of the building pressure.

The fleshlight goes down Taehyung's cock, Jungkook feeling the rows of nubs in the toy pressuring on a delicate part of their length, on a thick vein pulsating, some Jungkook's others Taehyung's. The rumbling is still present, enveloping Jungkook's cock in this lewd sleeve and it pulls off before being slammed down. Jungkook's hands fly to his mouth to contain the shout that nearly tumbled out of his lips and his spine arches when Taehyung adopt a quick pace, plunging both of their cock in the fleshlight.

Taehyung is relentless, stuffing the toy back and forth with his cock, the fit so snug and *so good*, and Jungkook has never been the jealous type but *Salazar* does he envies the toy, craves for it to be him instead; to be the one drilled by that fat cock he would sing praises about while Taehyung would bounce him on his laps.

Anal play has never really been something Taehyung is into when he's on the receiving end of it, so, when a phantom middle finger slides down Jungkook's balls to stop at his hole, circling the rim, Jungkook knows Taehyung is indulging him and his yearning to be filled by something, *anything*.

Desperation breaks Jungkook's last thread of rationality.

He doesn't even bother glancing if he's alone, he's pretty sure he is but quite frankly, at this point in time, he couldn't care less. Jungkook fumbles with the button of his pants, tugs the zipper down then thrusts his hand in his underwear to get a hold of his cock. Taehyung's rhythm stutters but he does not stop the motions of the fleshlight, a silent approval of Jungkook's capitulation.

So, Jungkook pulls his cock out, hissing at the cold air. A lubed finger slips inside his hole and he groans when he thinks about how Taehyung is *fingering himself*. There is something so hot about it that has Jungkook squeezing the base of his length to not spill all over himself straight away. The finger pushes in, the fleshlight pumps his cock and when he thinks it cannot get any better, Jungkook begins to draw his hand up and down his throbbing cock, the heat boiling inside him when everything doubles then. Not only does he feels what Taehyung does as he pumps the fleshlight over his cock, but Jungkook also experiences his own pleasure as he jerks himself off, experiencing the sensation of two cocks being fucked.

He whines, hips bucking while he frantically strokes his cock in almost painful, dry rubs of his hand, taking what he wants — *need* — and giving back to Taehyung. The finger inside his boyfriend that Jungkook feels buries deeper, padding at the walls. *Searching*.

Jungkook barely has the time to cast a *Silencio* on himself when a strain appears on his prostate, the pulp of Taehyung's digit pressing on the bundle of nerves wired to their cock. His mouth is opened around sharp gulps of air, silent moans and whimpers and he looks to the side, noticing a group of students making their way toward him to settle one table away from Jungkook. His shaft is — thankfully — hidden by the curtain his robe provides, but his heart still speeds up in his chest at the apprehension of being caught jerking off in the middle of the library, mixing with the growing arousal pooling low in his guts, even more when Taehyung massages his prostate.

Jungkook props his right elbow on the wooden surface to further hide himself and his flushed, sweaty face, however he does not stop the inconspicuous motion of his arm moving up and down his cock. Taehyung is still thrusting inside the fleshlight, the pace becoming irregular the more he buries his length in the toy, the more he massages his prostate and sends waves of pleasure through Jungkook's body.

Jungkook halts, looks down to watch himself press his thumb atop the glans, spreading a bead of precum across the skin and he does it again when another drop spurts out of his cock. He's close, even closer when he digs his nail on the sensitive head, or when Taehyung removes his finger to press on his perineum while the myriad of bumps and ridge coating the inside of the fleshlight continue to stroke along his cock.

Their orgasms hit them both at once, Jungkook understanding Taehyung is coming too when he brutally fucks the fleshlight and squeezes his balls. The hushed discussion of the students is dialed down to a background white noise as Jungkook continues to fist his cock, riding his orgasm, catching his cum in the palm of his hand. He slowly comes to a halt, panting and blinking away the tears clinging onto his lashes.

What follows next is a blur of Jungkook tucking himself back in his pants, cleaning the cum from his fingers with his tongue, gathering his belongings to dash toward his and Taehyung's bedroom, wincing when his sensitive shaft grazes against the zipper at each step he takes.

Minutes later, he slams the bedroom's door open and is greeted by the most enticing vision: Taehyung is on the mattress, reclined against the pillows where the fleshlight lays limps and Jungkook's knees almost buckles when he catches the cum leaking out of it. Taehyung's cock is soft yet still so thick and *big* as stupid as it sounds and Jungkook is only a man, a hungry one that wonders how it would feel for the both of them if Taehyung were to fuck Jungkook while the effects of the cube are still present.

Perhaps, that night, Taehyung, for the first time, understands why Jungkook loves anal sex so much, and perhaps Jungkook begs Taehyung to make another green ice cube so they can experiment more on all the possibilities the spell offers.

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## The Violet Ice Cube

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Taehyung's cock is snug inside Jungkook, the latter sat on it as he straddles his boyfriend. Jungkook rubs the violet ice cube held between two of his fingers on Taehyung's hard nipple, goosebumps erupting at the coldness. "As I told you before we started, your endeavors inspired me to make my very own, *very fun* ice cube," Jungkook begins, a Cheshire grin on his lips. "You see, there has been a serious lack of power given to me for the past couple weeks since we started your whole magical cube business."

"You never complained," Taehyung retorts, hands poised on Jungkook's thighs trapping him.

"I am *now*," Jungkook huffs. "Either way," he dismisses his boyfriend's intervention, "to balance this out, I had this idea," he says and trails the cube to the dip of Taehyung's throat, dragging it up to the Adam apple. "Idea that I implemented in the cube."

"I see," Taehyung hums. "And what is this idea?"

"Me controlling your orgasm." Jungkook's revelation prompts a quirk of a brow in Taehyung, the latter staring up at Jungkook.

"Controlling my orgasm," Taehyung repeats and lightly bucks his hips, Jungkook hissing when the head brushes his sweet spot. "And how would you achieve that?"

Jungkook does not reply immediately. In lieu, he deposits the ice cube on Taehyung's closed lips, meeting Taehyung's curious gaze. "It's simple, really." His brain is detracted from his explanation by Taehyung's tongue darting out of his mouth to flick at the pad of Jungkook's index, the graze tickling the digit. "After eating this, every time I say *Engorgio* your orgasm will enlarge, while, on the other side, whenever I'll say *Reducio* your orgasm will dial down."

Taehyung's excitement is palpable when he emits an interested 'Oh?' and Jungkook's giddiness unfurls at the acceptance. "That sounds fun," Taehyung says, Jungkook rewarding the honesty with a chaste peck on the cold lips when he leans forward.

"Yes? So you want to do this?"

The reply comes in the form of Taehyung grabbing the ice cube with his teeth to munch on it, exhaling seconds after as he swallowed the treat. "Now what?"

"Now..." Jungkook straightens then shuffles on his knees and hoists himself up, only the tip of Taehyung's cock inside and he drops back down, drawing a loud moan out of the two. "Now I ride you as I always amazingly do," he gloats because even Taehyung has to admit no one can ride cock as

well as Jungkook does, his enduring, athletic muscles and thighs extremely helpful to aid him in his task.

Taehyung says naught. His palms skids upward to Jungkook's petite waist, the man having always loved holding onto it at every chance he gets, whether it's when they both walk through Hogwarts corridors, or when he fucks Jungkook similar to now, never failing to murmur *'Your waist is so small... God I adore it, feels so fragile between my hands yet look at how strong, how secure it is despite how hard I'm pounding into you... So pretty.'*

Jungkook rolls his ass, reveling in the cock nestled deep inside him, hands braced on Taehyung's chest to support himself. "Engorgio." It takes Taehyung by surprise who gasps, hips grinding upward. "How does it feel?"

"Like, *fuck*... Like the pleasure is growing suddenly? And it's not stopping." Taehyung plants his feet on the mattress and anchors himself on Jungkook's pelvis to lift him up, muscles in his arms flexing in a way that dazes Jungkook's mind. Taehyung maintains him there before he starts hammering inside Jungkook with quick, hard slams of his cock. "Is it, ah, *hmm*... Is it supposed to stop? 'Cause I think I'm gonna come soon."

Jungkook temporarily forgets about the cube, too enraptured in the way Taehyung's cock carves itself a home through his clenching and unclenching walls, staccato of groans and moans punched out of him. "Taehyung, hah... Harder, please," Jungkook pants and Taehyung executes, increasing the strength behind his thrust, Jungkook's asscheeks jiggling at every slap of their skin.

"Jungkook I'm gonna—"

"Reducio," Jungkook says and Taehyung frowns beneath him, his movements coming to a halt.

"What the fuck?" Taehyung blurts out, seemingly offended at the dwindling orgasm, snatched right out of him.



“I told you, I can increase or lessen your orgasm,” Jungkook explains and fully sits back on Taehyung’s cock when the latter’s grip slackens, “meaning that I can edge you for however long I want.”

“You do realize that it means I’ll be fucking you for a while then, right?”

“Why do you think I made that ice cube?” Jungkook chuckles, a little breathless and he undulates on Taehyung’s laps then lifts himself to resume their fucking, riding his boyfriend’s cock, selfishly taking his own pleasure on the verge of snapping in half, already close since Taehyung rimmed him earlier. “Engorgio.”

Taehyung swears when the orgasm swells again and Jungkook can only imagine how that must feel, to have that yarn of coiled arousal unfurling then folding only to unroll again, without ever being allowed to entirely unravel. Jungkook feels powerful, in control of Taehyung’s pleasure and he speeds up his pace, relishing in the ridges of Taehyung’s cock pressing on every sensitive spot, on the way Taehyung grunts when the orgasm grows anew. Every time the length buries back in, the fat head bores in the prostate, and if Jungkook wasn’t so adamant on chasing after his own elation he’d be stunned by how well he’s filled to the brim, how no one has ever fucked him this nicely, made him feel so good where all he can think of are strings of ‘*give me more*’ and ‘*love you so much*’, intersected by breathy moans.

Jungkook and Taehyung have always been incredibly in tune with each other, so Jungkook notices when Taehyung gets close again, the muscles in his head straining when he tosses his head back on the pillow and bucks upward to help Jungkook. “R—Reducio, ah, fuck Taehyung, I’m gonna... Make me feel— Hah!” Jungkook sobs when Taehyung tugs at his weeping cock, gathers the precum coating the glans to slather it down the shaft in a makeshift of a lube. “Feels so good, Taehyung I’m close, m’so close gonna, aah... Gonna come all over you,” Jungkook utters, watching his cock disappear in Taehyung’s fist. His boyfriend press the palm of his other hand over Jungkook’s glans, the circular, heavenly motions having Jungkook’s legs tremble.

When Jungkook blows out another Engorgio, Taehyung's back arches with a hiss and it feels as though Jungkook is the one fucking Taehyung in a way. It's that thought that snips at the thread and Jungkook comes with a shout but he does not stop, rides Taehyung even harder, driving himself in that painful bliss of overstimulation.

Taehyung rakes his nails on the inner side of Jungkook's thighs, tracing red, stinging marks on their wake and his hips stutter, his cock jerking with a spurt of precum. Jungkook's walls spasm around Taehyung, overly delicate the harder, the deeper he shoves that thick cock within him.

"You look so hot, so beautiful," Taehyung raves and grunts after Jungkook muttered a 'Reducio', the orgasm snatched out of him again. "Salazar—I, fuck you're... I hate you."

Jungkook giggles, happy and feeling so goddamn good he can't refrain himself from shifting to place the sole of his feet in the mattress, allowing him a wider range of movement when he ruts back and forth, the curve of Taehyung shaft deliciously kneading at the sensitive bump. He spreads his legs, exposes the sinful sight his cock and stomach covered in cum make.

"You know I'll get back to you for this, yeah?" Taehyung says, *threatens*, and Jungkook cannot wait, telling so to his boyfriend. "In the meantime, if you're gonna ride me do it with earnest at least." His request is punctuated by a slap on Jungkook's left butt cheek.

Jungkook hums, lids fluttering. "Again."

"No."

"*Do it again*," Jungkook snaps.

"Certainly not when asked like that."

So, perhaps, the amount of control Jungkook retains is not as extensive as he thought it was, but he still has a card up his sleeve that he displays to Taehyung. He bends, their chest flush together, Jungkook's cock trapped between them. He purses his lips in a pout that *he knows* has more often

than not Taehyung caving, especially when it's accompanied by a timid kiss. "Please?"

Taehyung opts to laps at Jungkook's bottom lips, a silent command to open his mouth and Jungkook does, their tongues sliding against each other but something is missing, a filth Jungkook has grown to adore on a daily basis. "Engorgio... Please, again, Taehyung please? I'm making you feel good," Jungkook begs. "And, can you—"

Taehyung's arms wrap around his mid section, prompting Jungkook to continue writhing above him then his hands glide down to the round globes, fondling them, a taunt that Jungkook reacts to with his tongue lolling out. Taehyung licks at the dribble of drool collecting on Jungkook's lower lip and, complying to the hushed demand, spits on Jungkook's tongue while his hand comes down on the same ass cheek as before. Jungkook does not even get to swallow Taehyung's saliva before his boyfriend kisses him, teeth biting, tongue curling, their lips moving in an open mouth, lewd caress.

Taehyung spans Jungkook another time when a 'Reducio' momentarily breaks their kiss, a punishment that turns into a reward for the umpteenth Engorgio Jungkook lets out seconds later. Taehyung snatches Jungkook's hair and yanks backward, Jungkook emitting a ragged gasp that he chokes around when Taehyung starts thrusting again, ramming inside him as his orgasm builds up again. "Gonna let me come?"

"N—Not yet." Jungkook keens, high and bordering on a sob.

"Hmm, how mean..." Taehyung pulls Jungkook downward on his cock but it doesn't seem to satisfy his desire so he pins him down atop of him, the hand in Jungkook's tresses keeping him there and using it to anchor himself when he jostles Jungkook on his cock to meet his brutal trusts. "I want to come though."

"Reducio."

Taehyung swears at the word and Jungkook shivers, his eager and inquisitive mind wondering what Taehyung will do in retaliation for tonight's play. "Enjoy yourself while you can," Taehyung says and

Jungkook cries out loud when Taehyung rams his sweet spot harder, Jungkook desperately trying to fuck himself back on the throbbing cock. "Salazar knows I'll do to you something so much worse than your little game."

"Wan—Want to ride you, Taehyung please let me, let me fuck myself on you, please," Jungkook mumbles, disregarding the warning in favor of his own yearning.

Taehyung releases his hold on Jungkook's hair to shove him upward, Jungkook's back hitting the top of Taehyung's bent legs. "Go ahead, Love. Make this worth for me, hm? Show me how much you love my cock, how much you can't survive a day without whining to have it inside you like the pretty, needy boy you are."

Jungkook obeys. Braces his feet on the bed, raises and drops on Taehyung's cock, again and again and again. An Engorgio slips out of him anew but it's egoistical because when he does, Taehyung's shaft seems to swell, harden even more if possible and it's so good, so addicting to be able to *feel* Taehyung's orgasm augmenting and reducing, as everything about Taehyung; like the fingers and their nails dug on the underside of Jungkook's sides. Or Taehyung's hungry eyes fixated on the way Jungkook's cock swings up and down the faster he bounces on his boyfriend's laps.

"Reducio," Jungkook whines, as though he was the one having the size of his orgasm diminished, and Taehyung echoes him with a curse, the latter's grip quivering at the constant denial, his legs quivering on Jungkook's back. "Taehyu—*ngh*, hah, fuck... Does it feels good? Am I, am I doing good?"

"Doing so good for me, even if you're a tease," Taehyung praises, his chest heaving up and down. "Feels so good, want to have you like this for days, where you'd be the one eating that cube. I'd be..." He pauses, his mouth going slack when an Engorgio is said again, raking his eyes over Jungkook's form and ignoring the earlier request as he pistons Jungkook's ass, splitting him open. "I'd be so fucking *mean* to you," Taehyung pants loudly, mirrored by Jungkook's unbridled wails. "And I'd love every second of it. I'd... I'd *ruin you* Jungkook, God. You'd be so fucked out, so

marked, so bruised up after all I would've done to you... All mine to break."

"Fuck Taehyung, *Taehyung*... Taehyung, please please *please*," Jungkook chants, needing more and Taehyung gives it to him. "Reducio, reduc— Ah, you're so hard, so, so deep... Hah, can feel you so deep." Taehyung's hands on Jungkook's thighs are bruising, painful and Jungkook loves it so much his cock twitches from where it stands up, his hole quivering uncontrollably. His muscles strain in his legs, sore from the constant use for the past minutes but he can't stop riding Taehyung's cock that drags along his sweet spot no matter how Jungkook tilts his hips, no matter which way he moves above him.

At the next Engorgio, Taehyung swaps their position, wrenches Jungkook's legs on his shoulder to fold him in half and he snaps his cock inside him. Jungkook's breath leaves his lungs, stunned in place by the merciless thrusts, unable to even utter a single sound as he reverently gazes at where their bodies connect. His hands fly to Taehyung's neck as his spine curls outward, bringing their faces closer and he peers up at his boyfriend, entranced by the glassy eyes meeting his own.

Jungkook pants in Taehyung's mouth, the noises he wants to release stuck in his throat by the ever growing pleasure slithering through his veins, simmering in his guts where it curls, fucked ablaze by Taehyung's cock nudging at that bundle of nerves, by the girth of it sliding in and out of his clenching hole. Jungkook's fingers grip on Taehyung's scalp, the latter hissing when Jungkook tugs.

"Why are you showing me your tongue?" Taehyung chuckles and Jungkook only realizes then how his tongue has been lolling out, greedy and demanding. "So fucking nasty, always need me to spit in your mouth," Taehyung says and does exactly that. "You love how it reminds you of who you belong to, yeah?"

As though quenched, his parched throat finally tears through a moan, Jungkook falling into a fit high whines and needy moans. His balls draw up tight, nearing his climax again the more Taehyung grinds his fat cock,

pounds Jungkook so thoroughly he has to pin his hips down to stop him from moving up the bed. “Re—Redu—”

All at once there’s a hand around Jungkook’s throat that forces him down on the bed as Taehyung straightens up. “Let me come.”

“Redu—” The thumb and middle finger press on the arteries, not cutting off Jungkook’s airways in any shape or form, but it suffices to make a statement, have him understand and pliantly bend to Taehyung’s will. “*Let me come,*” Taehyung snarls.

So, Jungkook nods, tears escaping his eyes, incapable of denying Taehyung’s orgasm for one last time. He whimpers another Engorgio in the midst of the one still on-going, precipitating Taehyung closer to the edge right as Jungkook plummets into his own precipice of bliss.

Helpless sobs tumbles out of Jungkook as he orgasms for the second time, his cock valiant spurting a weak dribble of cum. Taehyung spills inside Jungkook with curt motions of his pelvis, rocking his hips so that the head of his cock mercilessly jabs on the swollen prostate, milking himself and Jungkook with a long, drawn out moan, head tossed backward.

“Fuck... So good,” Taehyung hums, cock sliding in and out of Jungkook a few more times before stilling inside.

Jungkook’s body shakes with the waves of pleasure running through his sluggish limbs, basking in them and the tender caress of Taehyung’s thumb on the side of his throat. His breath catches when, after opening his eyes he had apparently closed at one point, he notes the gaze Taehyung levels him with, lidded and intimidating; menacing in a way that prompts a cold sweat to instantly wavers on Jungkook's spine in alarmed tickles.

“I believe you had your fun alright tonight, don’t you think so?” Taehyung rasps, voice gravelly with dark promises. Said promises manifest in the shape of five red cubes appearing in Taehyung’s opened palm. He tilts his hand and lets the cube clatter on Jungkook’s chest, the latter sucking in a breath at the coldness dotting his heated skin. Taehyung picks one of them

up, retracts his hand from Jungkook's neck to grab his chin, prying his mouth open. "Tongue out."

Jungkook only resists for a meager second before he shyly does as asked. Taehyung scoffs.

"I said I would ruin you, didn't I? You're blushing now... Acting all coy and nervous, as though you weren't needily riding my cock minutes ago."

Taehyung laughs and *fuck* it's so malicious and degrading Jungkook can only whine at the prickle of humiliation warming his groin. "*How cute.*" He derides and the carmine ice cube hovers above Jungkook's tongue. "Makes me wonder how well I can fuck the shy out of you where all that is left is your filthy body and mouth pleading for more."

Taehyung makes good on his vow as he murmurs 'Incendio', fire flowing down Jungkook's throat to rush through his body.

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## The Upcoming Blue Ice Cubes

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"Love? Can you come here?"

Jungkook follows Taehyung's voice erupting out of their bedroom, exiting the bathroom, towel tied around his waist. "What is—" He pauses when he notices a sight similar to the one he was acquainted with few weeks ago.

In the same plate as the first time Taehyung introduced them to his magical niceties, five ice cubes are poised atop the silver tray, however this time,

instead of being colored in the shades of a rainbow, here they all adorn deep blue hues, ranging from a baby blue to a navy one in a curious ombré.

Taehyung is sat next to the plate on the mattress, legs crossed, the man relaxed in a way that pleasantly unnerves Jungkook. "I felt like during our latest game, there has been two themes we didn't really delve into, or at least not fully, which I find quite unfortunate," Taehyung says and Jungkook listens with rapt attention. "Do you want to know which ones?"

Jungkook can only bob his head in affirmation, his hand clenching where it's holding the towel.

"Sadism and masochism," Taehyung smiles, as though he had not uttered two words that immediately awakened Jungkook's lust in a nearly Pavlovian manner.

Jungkook steps forward, halting when he reaches his boyfriend whom trails a hand up Jungkook's naked chest, flicking an index at a hardened nipple.

"Want to play with me?"



## End Notes

I can't believe I wrote that.

On another this one shot marks the first of many things for me since I've only written a few smut: first long pwp, first kinky smut, first roleplay among other things but I hope you liked it nonetheless!

PS: the title is indeed a pun with "I see you" = "Icy you" because ice cube.

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